A MEMOIR
OF
AUGUSTINE HEARD AMORY

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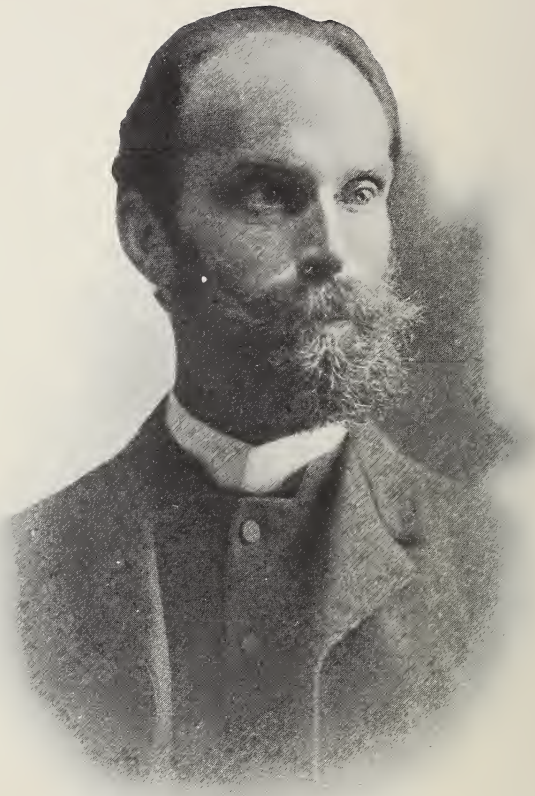

A MEMOIR

OF

AUGUSTINE HEARD AMORY

BY

ARTHUR W. MOULTON

SALEM, MASS.
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AN INTRODUCTION

We have many memories of men who through unusual ability have won their way to public recognition. What many of us want is the record of a man who in ability is so near to us that we may feel that what he has done we may try to do.

Here is the story of one who was by birth and education of the most privileged: a delicate boy, a youth of no exceptional parts, he gave himself with the fullest consecration in the name of Christ to the service of the people.

Immersed as he was during those busy years in the activities of his Parish, passing his days in tenements and up and down the streets of the city, he held strong the bonds of early friendships and refreshed himself with literature. Contact with sin left no defilement; association with misery and sordidness served to reveal his unworldly and hopeful spirit. In his simplicity and sincerity was his charm. In the many practical and material elements of modern Parish life he carried and sustained such a refined temper as to transfigure them. To the youth he was the embodiment of a Christian gentleman. Those of us who knew him best never ceased to find in him unexplored recesses of culture, faith, and helpfulness. He carried with the ministry of the Church in manufacturing cities of the

twentieth century such a spirit of chivalry and such devotion to his Master and the Church as we associate with the Saints of early days.

One who assisted him in the last years of his life, counts it his highest privilege to try in this simple story to record and perpetuate some of the influence of Augustine Amory.

William Lawrence.

A MEMOIR OF AUGUSTINE HEARD AMORY

CHAPTER I

In the latter part of the 17th Century, Jonathan Amory with his son Thomas appears to have settled in the West Indies. Thence he moved to Charleston, South Carolina, and about 1700 came north to Boston. James Sullivan left Limerick, Ireland, in 1723 for America, and made his home in Berwick, Maine. His son became prominent in affairs of statehood and law, being a Judge on the Massachusetts bench, and a delegate to Congress from Massachusetts in the year which saw the close of the Revolutionary War. He held the position of Attorney-General of Massachusetts, and was elected to the highest honor Massachusetts can give, that of Governor, in 1807. His daughter married Jonathan Amory.

A son from this marriage was James Sullivan Amory, Augustine's father, one of Boston's successful merchants. He was a fine type of man, thoroughly religious, pre-eminently Christian, an Evengelical Churchman, of the kind that love the Bible and talk about it, believe in family worship and practice it, frequent and share their prosperity with the Church. As his son Augustine said once,

"My father loved his Church and his religion. It was real to him. I don't know any better Christian, or anyone whom I want more to be like than my father."

In 1837 James Sullivan Amory married Mary Copley Greene, the youngest daughter of Gardiner Greene and Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Copley. She was Augustine's mother and a granddaughter of John Singleton Copley, the brilliant portrait painter. Copley's son, born in Boston in 1772 became Lord Lyndhurst of whom it can be read that he was "possessed of a fine and noble presence, a ready wit, an unfailing sweetness of temper and a real kindness and charm of manner that moves the hearts of men."

Mary Greene Amory was a woman of strong Christian character and exquisite charm. "She had great modesty, simplicity and a sweet dignity of manner. She was very industrious, being constantly occupied with fine needlework, and taking painting lessons after she was sixty years old. Her loyalty to family and friends was no less marked than her strong faith and noble endurance of sorrow, which gave a special value to her sympathy for those in trouble."

Inheriting thus gentleness and taste, refinement and an energetic nobleness, Augustine Heard Amory was born on the twentieth of July in 1852. He was the eleventh child. The family home was in Brookline. It had always been their residence and was peculiarly adapted to the rearing of children, ministering as it did to the finer side of children's nature. There was the liberty of outdoor life; there

were wide reaches of well-laid landscape, long stretches of avenues, beautiful residences with large areas. Strong cultured families made up the neighborhood. With the exception of two months in the summer the Amorys lived there the year round. The long, low house in which they dwelt had grown in the process of time out of a small summer cottage. The grounds were extensive, comprising some twenty acres. It was a good place for children to spend their young years, and the boy's interests were largely centered here. He grew up here with his playmates. This was his home in the youthful years when he was playing ball, skating, and riding his pony over the roads and fields. This was his home when he was a student walking back and forth from school and college. This was his home whither when man grown and in his beloved work he would escape from his trying and perplexing labors, and rest awhile. Augustine made much of his young life. His younger brother was his chum and together they shared in the games and discussions of boys. But he was not as robust as some boys are and the sports which require strong physical powers he did not care to play. The gentler side, that which so marked his whole life, marked his boyhood. It was the gentleness, though, of a boy and of a man with a life purpose: it had energy. Energy was never lacking in Amory's life. His persistence was great. And these qualities were nourished in his boyhood, when, apart from other boys, he was obliged to remain in the house, and play and work there. Augustine (they called him Tiny) naturally turned to the

things which he could best do. He was not shut off from the companionship of boys but he could not easily take part in their fun. Instead he devoted his time to books. He learned to play the piano; he learned to sing; he could even do fine needle work and worsted work; he was clever at wax work. The ways of a boy were in him however. He liked nature and nature studies. He collected and classified butterflies. He built a house with a room and an attic in the woods near home, in his hours out of school.

Augustine's early schooling was obtained at Miss Hedge's school and at Miss Susan Hale's school. Miss Hedge was the daughter of Dr. Hedge, then pastor of the Unitarian Church in Brookline. Miss Hale was a sister of Edward Everett Hale. To these schools Augustine went until he was twelve years old. He was studious and well-behaved. Conscientious in every little thing, he worked at his lessons faithfully and tried to please his teachers. These were the troublous days when the nation was battling in Civil War. The youth though not vigorous in health and body was vigorous enough in ideas. One thing that stood out strongly in this boy in later years was his intense patriotism. It was a religious virtue with him. . . . On the back leaf of a little diary which he received from the Sunday-school Christmas tree of 1864, the boy drew with his pencil the picture of a group of men apparently being shot to pieces by cannons. Across the page in large letters are the words, "Rebels! Rebels! So perish the Rebels!"

This was the little diary which he conscientiously kept, when in the following year, his thirteenth, he went to Europe. The greater part of that year was spent in travel.

A note from this first diary is interesting: "Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1865. Pleasant: temperate. We are to be on board the Africa at 10 o'clock A. M. To sail at sharp 11 A. M. Parted with my friends with several tears, but felt a great deal better afterward." The trip was a notable one for Augustine. He covered considerable ground and saw much. He saw the finest building he had ever seen at Siena, the Cathedral. He went through the British Museum. He saw the lion at Lucerne. He saw and heard the clock strike at Strasburg. He went blackberrying at Boulogne; went to church at Westminster Abbey; rode from Vevay and Dijon in a cattle train; took a row on the lake at Geneva; crossed the Wengern Alp; went through the Black Forest; spent Fourth of July on the Rhine, wearing a red, white and blue badge on his hat with ribbons on his jacket; attended a grand concert at Mainz, of which the last number was an hour and a half long; went to church twice every Sunday; saw the pictures in the great Galleries and brought fine presents home to his mother.

The next year Augustine began his school life at G. W. C. Noble's school. He did not complete his course here on account of ill health; but he always called himself one of Mr. Noble's boys. He was there one-half the year 1866-67, 1867-68, 1868-69, and one-half the year 1869-70. As in his former schools, so here: he was a devoted and faithful

student. Sickness cut into his time and prevented him from doing what he would have done; but when he could work he worked well. His reports were always good. "Augustine Amory" writes Mr. Noble "was for some years a very dear pupil of mine, although for quite a portion of the time he was nominally under my charge he was absent by reason of sickness. While he was with me I was always impressed with the purity,—I may say the saintliness,—of his character. I never had a pupil whom I loved and respected more."

A little journal in boyish hand contains the following paragraphs:

Sept. 27, 1868.

This is a very disagreeable day, raining hard, and in every manner uncomfortable but somehow or other I rather like stormy weather. I trust that that does not in any way indicate a tendency to a stormy life.

This is the third Sunday of my life as a teacher in Sunday school. It is a very responsible duty when one comes to think about it, and I feel my inadequacy for the task but with God's help I will persevere. God has indeed blessed me so far on my pilgrimage of life but trials must come. Oh that I could trust God more, could go forth bravely to the battle, feeling sure that God would help me. How wicked I am, not to trust God when He has done so much for me and tokens of His love are evident wherever I look.

I went to church this morning. I do like our service so much, it is so grand, yet simple; father says he hopes that I never will have anything to do with the High Church, but that I am very fond of dress. I trust that I never shall.

Oct. 18.

How fearful are the works of God; I have just been looking at an Aurora Borealis and it fills my soul with fear, almost; but why should it, are not us miserable sinners?

For four years, as constantly as possible, Augustine attended school. Noble's school was a preparatory school and the young man was getting himself ready for Harvard. He was to enter the University in the Fall of 1870. But here again sickness, or at least poor health, interfered. His course was interrupted, and he was taken South, to Aiken. The visit to Aiken was followed by another trip to Europe, with his father and mother. He was eighteen years old. This was his second journey abroad. No notes of this year were kept, though a considerable portion of the year was spent on the other side. The following year, 1871, found him still in a physical condition which prohibited his entrance into college. This year and the next year mark an eventful period in the young fellow's life. With cousins he went abroad again. These were days of interest and excitement to him. He was eager to be in college. It was painful to him to see his friends and schoolmates entering in ahead of him; but he knew it was wise for him

not to go at this time. Instead, he made the most of an inspiring journey. It was spent in Egypt and the Holy Land and along the Mediterranean. His journals of those months are full, and show him at twenty a conscientious and observing traveller. Conscientiousness was one of the marks of the man. Augustine felt that he must learn on this journey as much as could be learned; that he must see as much as could be seen. It was a year taken from college. His father and mother had arranged this trip for him at a great expense. He felt that he owed it to them to spend these months in no mere lazy sight-seeing, but rather in acquiring something which should be a part of his life. It became for the time being a sacred duty; we read it in his journal. The little party of three, Augustine and two cousins, reached Alexandria, Egypt, on the first day of December, 1871.

CHAPTER II

The next three months were to be spent upon the Nile, going up and down in a dahabieh. It was called Sirius, after the brilliant star which the travellers watched while crossing the Mediterranean. "We drove," he writes, "out to the old city Heliopolis of which nothing remains but an obelisk and the mounds. The obelisk stands in the centre of a great field. Here it was that Joseph married the daughter of Potiphera, priest of On, and here Moses and Plato and Pythagoras must have studied. . . . I tried to imagine Joseph as he led his bride past this obelisk, or Moses as he passed in and out beside it, but it is very difficult. . . . We stopped a little nearer the city at the Holy Tree under which tradition says Joseph and Mary rested on their flight into Egypt. It is a very, very old tree, a sycamore, looking as if it might easily be 2000 years old, and near it is a beautiful old well. . . . It is very likely they may have rested there, but whether under that particular tree is doubtful. However, it is well to believe as much as appears reasonable. For how much more one enjoys it.

. . . We got on to a common little ferry boat and crossed over to the Island of Roda. This was our first experience on the Father of Rivers, and it was beautiful. We passed through a little, narrow street

and looking into a house saw two women grinding corn together. "The one shall be taken and the other left." When we reached the gate of the garden we were requested to wait as the ladies of the Harem were taking a walk. So we waited while the lovely ladies were shut up for fear they might see the face of a man. . . . As we were about to descend the steps to cross the ferry, we encountered three lovely ladies of the Harem, dressed in bright silks and wearing the white muslin and black silk veils. One lovely creature dressed in pink favored me with a glance from her dark eyes. We enjoyed the privilege of going across in their boat which was brought back to us. I would like to think it had been sent by my angel in pink.

Dec. 8. In the evening we drove to the citidal to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali to see the dervishes. It was curious to look into the little shops as we passed along, and to see the people lighted up by a lantern, reminding one of Rembrandt's Interiors. As we approached the Mosque, we heard the sounds of drums and when we entered the Mosque, which was beautifully lighted up, the tumult and din were strange. We immediately walked up to the farther end where standing in a half circle were the dervishes, who looked very peculiar in their bright-colored dresses and long hair. They were bowing back and forth keeping time to the dreadful drums and going faster and faster and their hair flew all about. One man went into a fit and altogether it was the saddest thing I almost ever saw. Some of the men were very fine looking. After

that they made a peculiar noise with their throat as they bowed back and forth. I should think we must have watched them for half an hour. What a dreadful religion this is that can make such dreadful fanatics of its followers! I did not realize what a religion it was till I saw this part of it, and it made me feel very sad. I was so taken up with watching these dervishes that I could not sufficiently admire the beautiful lighting up of the noble building; but the effect was beautiful. It was a relief to get out under the starry sky and drive home.

. . . This voyage makes a heavy pull on one's pocket. I look forward to it with much pleasure. May God bless us in it. I went to the African bazaar where I bought a pair of the great yellow Turkish slippers that the people wear. I neglected to shake hands with the man who sold me the slippers after I had made my bargain, and I am afraid I hurt his feelings, for that is the usual custom. I was sorry not to have known it. We received letters in the afternoon and greedily devoured them. "As water to a thirsty soul so is good news in a strange country", as Solomon truly said. He must have travelled to find that out.

Dec. 16. Got on shore before breakfast for shooting. I shot my first bird, a horned plover or crocodile bird, grey and black, and conspicuous white around its neck. At the end of each wing is a little horn. Tradition says it enters the mouths of crocodiles to feed on flies and worms, and when it wishes to get out it flaps its wings and pricks the crocodile so that he opens his mouth. . . What happiness to be able to enjoy all this. May God bless it to me.

Dec. 18. Wind blew a gale all last night and kept us all more or less awake, and at about midnight I was awakened by Antonio who told me to get up for we were in a dangerous condition. The boat was tipping very much and as soon as I could collect my senses I found we were driving across the river, with the sail unfurled, wind blowing a gale, and very dark. Everyone was shouting out and Antonio was almost beside himself. But the only danger was in running on to a sand bank where we should probably have capsized, but God was gracious to us and mercifully saved us. And the anchor dragging, we did not rush on to the opposite high bank as hard as was feared. . . . I had on my red dressing gown, yellow Turkish slippers, silk scarf and tarboosh.

Sunday, Dec. 24. A beautiful day's sail. I read the service after breakfast, and a short meditation and it really seemed like Sunday. At about 3 o'clock passed the mountain of the birds, where all the birds assemble once a year to choose one of their number to mount guard till the end of the year. This long range of cliffs rises directly from the river. At the northern end is a convent, and as soon as we came in sight some of the lay brethren swam out to meet us and demand baksheesh. They were entirely destitute of clothing and looked like very rough specimens of Christians. We gave them a few coppers and putting them in their mouths they swam to the opposite bank. . . . It did not seem like a home Xmas Eve, but it did seem like a real Eastern one. I thought very dearly of the loved ones at home. How many happy Xmas Eves I have had at home, and this is my first away. . . . This seems as if it

might be like the same night as when shepherds of old were watching their flocks, when suddenly there appeared the angel with the heavenly host. What a glorious Eastern night that must have been.

Dec. 25. Longed very much for home. We exchanged our "Merrie Xmas" and a few very small gifts and tried to be as merry as possible. Made two or three shooting excursions. Our cook provided us with a very good dinner and I doubt not but that it was as tender and good as the one they have at home, but it needed the cranberry sauce. Had a flaming plum pudding and a splendid tower of Nugat. In the morning I read our beautiful Xmas service. During dinner we heard the frogs sing,—imagine it at Xmas time! . . . I have just finished Herodotus' account of Egypt which he visited about four or five hundred years before Christ. His theory of the sources of the Nile is very curious; he also says that there are some people who think that he rises from snows, and he says any wise man will see the foolishness of such a theory, for how can there be snows in Ethiopia, the hottest part of the world. How he would pity our ignorance nowadays. His theory appears to me very fanciful. He thinks that as in winter the sun retires further south, so while there it must collect all the moisture it can from the rivers and marshes, and this moisture is given to the winds and melted into rain, so that during the winter the rivers of Ethiopia being swelled with these rains, the Nile on the contrary being low, attracts them, and so in replenishing it they cause the inundation. I have given this as I understand it. The more I read the more do I feel my ignorance.

Jan. 1, 1872. Here I am to commence my New Year on the Nile, in the land of the Ancient Pharaohs. May I be guided in all my ways by that Gracious Father who has watched over me all my life. During our walk we visited a sheikh, a great saint very much respected and an idiot. This reverence of idiots is a relic of barbarous nations and is the same with our North American Indians. A more disgusting man I think I never saw. He was sitting on the ground before the remains of a fire, surrounded by a circle of admiring friends and relatives who are supported by the presents he receives. He was perfectly naked and looked very much like an orang-outang, had a perfect mass of matted hair. We gave him some tobacco and a few piastres, two of which were given to him by his relatives and the rest retained. These two, he threw amongst a crowd of children who scrambled for them. What can be done for a people who have for saints such disgusting creatures as these!

Jan. 3. A pleasant day although overcast, a wonderful thing for the Thebaid. . . . I caught a distant view of the great propylon of El Karnac, and then with a thrill felt that I was approaching Thebes. We reached there about 3 P. M. and there found several dahabiehs. We started out to see the Temple of Luxor, finished by Rameses II. who commenced to reign 1311 B. C. Some say that he was the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites but Miss Martineau fixes the Exodus at 1491 B. C. I don't know who is her authority. I think the other is right. How wonder-struck I felt as I felt I was in the great city of Thebes, which has stood so many thousands of years.

I was very much impressed with the temple of Luxor. The obelisk is so much more beautifully and appropriately placed than its companion which stands in the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

Jan. 4. A most perfect day, a day ever to be remembered. Breakfasted at 8 and afterwards were rowed across in the small boat to the plain of Thebes. I cannot imagine a more beautiful site for a city and for such a city as Thebes with its one hundred gates. The mountains form, except in the North, a perfect amphitheatre; the mountains are quite varied, some going up in peaks, especially the cluster behind old Thebes which are particularly varied and beautiful. . . . We visited first the smaller temple. . . . From this we went to the great temple than which I can imagine nothing grander or more colossal. . . . We walked all around the great walls and got very good ideas of the courts within, and of the beautiful green plain beyond and of Luxor with its temple and the rosy gray hills fading away in the distance. We went up a curious staircase to the top of the Propylon, steps cut in the rock. The gateways are very beautiful and here there are some beautifully preserved pyla all covered with painted sculpture and having the winged globe emblem of life in immortality. One sees this beautiful symbol everywhere. I think there is something grand in this religion of the Egyptian, yet sadly degenerated from what it must have been, for a religion with so much in it must have descended from a purer of which Osiris their God must have represented to them the same God, the one true God whom we worship. No was to them the Messiah. But what a fearful fall

for them to this superstitious idolatry. And yet we cannot judge for we know so little of them. . . . We rode to the great colossi representing Amunoph III sitting in peaceful grandeur overlooking the plain toward the river. I went to some distance behind them and climbed on the side of a prostrate column which was the same size as the great ones and from there the great colossi looked wonderfully grand and towering. There seems to be something very mysterious in these great statues, and as I rode away from them I watched them receding in the distance still grandly mysterious. I felt completely dazed with all that I had seen.

Jan. 12. A fresh north wind and so we looked for the sheikhs of the cataracts. . . . At two o'clock the cataract people appeared. The entrance to the cataract was strikingly picturesque,—such high piles of rock. Here the river runs around and between little islets of black granite worn by the water into all sorts of fantastic shapes. . . . Finally our turn came for ascending this rapid and ropes were fastened to the rocks and the top and we shoved off. I should think that there were as many as forty or fifty people interested in pulling us up. And we had on board two or three sheikhs who all gave orders at the same time, and the noise and confusion were indescribable, everyone screaming and making such frantic gesticulations. Slowly but surely we passed up and went through two more in the same way with many delays. . . . After the crowd had dispersed I went on shore and climbed on the top of some rocks where I had a beautiful and curious view of the cataracts and in the south at their head Philae,

the holy island, the burying place of the great Osiris. It looked beautifully green and was all covered with masses of grand ruins. While I was vainly trying to sketch it the sun set in unclouded glory and I saw Philae by sunset. How beautiful were the colorings all around. May I never forget it. Saw the new moon, an exquisite silver thread of a crescent and we watched the stars appear one by one. How many beautiful spots there are in the world.

Jan. 20. . . . We caught a last glimpse of the Nile before it entered the cataracts passing under a cliff,—that was the highest part of it we saw or probably ever shall see. We lunched here and I tried sketching but I was very unsuccessful. I walked ahead of the others coming back, and afterwards geting on my donkey kept out of sight all the way. And what a strange ride it was alone in the great desert with only an Arabic donkey boy. I wish I could bring out in water colors the real coloring of the desert. "And the desert shall blossom as a rose." There was not a trace of vegetation. Footprints of hyenas, and skeletons of camels and some black crows circling around. How suggestive of the deadly power of the desert! And how refreshing and beautiful the Nile looked with its fringe of palm trees when it burst on my sight so blue and full of life. I thought "And thy peace shall be as a river—a joyous peace." Now we have to busy ourselves with seeing and studying temples. We went to the greater and grand one of Abou Simbel with its four great colossi guarding the entrance and they looked so kind and benignant and pleasant as if glad that I had come to see the wonders over which they have guarded so long. . . . It is

wonderful how much beauty and delicacy of expression can be produced in a colossus of such size. Their total height without the pedestal is 66 feet. The children of Rameses stand between his legs, and comparing my height with theirs, the top of my head could not quite reach up to their chin. They look like mere dolls. . . . Entering through a doorway eighteen feet deep, we came upon the great hall supported by eight grand colossal Osirides representing, as do the colossi, the great Rameses. These Osirides are wonderfully beautiful. . . . I passed through this hall with these wonderful Osirides looking down upon us, through the next and smaller hall supported by four square columns across the corridor to the adytum in the center of which stands the altar and at the farthest end ranged against the wall are seated three deities and the King who is here associated with the Gods. . . . This is a wonderfully well-preserved temple, and one cannot help feeling the solemnizing effect, especially when one thinks that the Egyptian religion had so much in it, and that they worshipped the one supreme God. I was very much impressed with it and I hope I may never get over the solemnizing effect.

Jan. 22. This morning we got up early and went to the great temple which was lighted up beautifully by the morning sun. I went through the whole, groping my way from sculpture to sculpture with a candle followed by one of our crew. . . . I very sadly took my leave of these beautiful and grand colossi who still looked so pleasant and benignant. I have really gotten to love them. I do not wonder the Egyptians worshipped their Gods although it was no

less sin because they were beautiful. In the beginning their religion must have been pure and simple. I left sadly and got on to the dahabieh at about 10 for breakfast and then we cast off and commenced floating down stream. I watched the colossi fade out of sight hoping yet scarcely believing to see them again. However, I believe that he who once tastes the water of the Nile is sure to taste it again and to long for it. I ought to be and am very grateful for the wonderful opportunity of seeing all this.

Jan. 23. Early this morning at sunrise we found ourselves under the cliff of Ibseem. . . . Below in the face of the rock over the river are some grottoes, —four,—with three figures sculptured in high relief at the back of each. The two lower were very rough. . . . The other two are reached with a rope and I was the only one adventurous enough to do it. And I was very well rewarded. The pattern on the ceilings of these were curious and effective. . . . Floated down stream all day. . . . At about three o'clock reached Derr the capital of Nubia. . . . We stopped at the small but elegant temple of Amada at half past five but it being too late to see it to advantage we resolved to pass the night there. . . . After dinner went up with my sketch book and two men to hold the lights and sketched a group in a boat of the King offering to Ra. . . . It was strange to be sketching a group in the Holy of Holies of an Egyptian temple. It was rather a solemn thought, too. What would the priests have said!

. . . Had the service before lunch. . . . Reached Philae at a little after eleven. Immediately on arriving we went to the great temple of Isis, and

I spent the rest of the day making measurements and going over every part of the temple and enjoyed it very much. . . . How solemn and mysterious the great hall and court of the temple seemed as we walked through with the moonlight just lighting up the top of the propyla and corridors. . . . I could almost imagine a priest coming out from the dark chambers of the Naoo, looking up and seeing us, ordering us to be made away with as sacreligious intruders.

Jan. 31. . . . Busied myself all day with sketching first part of the beautiful columns of the great hall, which I took from the top of the second pylon, a very pleasant situation with the twittering sparrows for company. . . . Very interesting it was to study out the mysterious subjects and copy the beautiful sculptures. A large party of Americans came and rushed through the temple. I hope they have a pleasant impression of Philae. . . . I went all over the temple for the last time and I really felt sad as if leaving a home almost. How I have enjoyed and learned to love Philae. I shall never forget it although I hardly feel like swearing by "Him who sleeps in Philae" never to forget it. . . . There is a funny nice old man dressed all in brown who lives amongst the ruins and is the only inhabitant of the island. He was very quiet and pleased with what we gave him. We called him the guardian genius of the ruins. He got me to light his pipe for him one morning, so I hope I got into his good graces.

Feb. 1. . . . Once more our boat was filled with the noisy cataract people. With three men at each oar we soon reached El Bab. El Bab rushes through

a long narrow passage-way with rocks on each side and the current was so swift that the water rushed through it in great waves. Into this our boat plunged and while we were being swept through everyone was quiet. I don't think I ever felt such a fascinating and thrilling sensation. I felt as I do sometimes in my dreams when falling from a high building. The water dashed all over the forward part of the boat. I did not feel the least sensation of fear. The only trouble was after the intense excitement was over. I began to shake and tremble all over merely from the excitement, not at all from fear.

Feb. 4. Went off on donkeys to the temple of Edfou. . . . I walked back. . . . I was sorry to see how much afraid of me the children seemed to be, shrinking from me if I approached too near. I am afraid I must have looked savage as I strode along with my walking stick trying to keep up with the others on donkeys. Before dinner, I read the evening service and an extract from "Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson," and it was very refreshing and good.

Feb. 5. . . . Reached Esneh at about 4 o'clock. . . . I enjoy walking through these towns. . . . Of course we had beggars but I am getting used to it somewhat now. One dirty little boy about five or six years old with a shaved head from which stood up straight a long lock of hair,—by which they expect Mahomet to pull them up into Heaven,—would persist in coming up close to me and in touching my clothes. If he had been cleaner I should not have minded, but he was so dirty, I tried gently to persuade him to move a little farther off. . . . I do

not care so much about shooting when there are temples to be seen.

Feb. 7. Thebes. . . . We went to the great temple of Karnak. We entered upon a great area 275x 329 with a colonnade on each side, and a double row of twelve columns forming part of a colonnade in the centre. . . . Passing through this we entered upon the great halls of columns, which I can only liken to a forest of mighty trees. . . . This was the great hall of the assemblies. . . . I never was so much impressed by any hall, for this is wonderfully, indescribably grand, and only to be realized by one's own eyes. . . . This ruin is so extensive and so wonderfully interesting and ancient that I could not take it all in. . . . Before coming away late in the afternoon, for we spent the whole day there, I climbed on to the top of one of the propyla, and had a most beautiful view all over the ruins, the intensely green fields around, the gardens of palms, the distant rosy gray mountains, and the calm old Nile, the sea-like stream. "Art thou better than populous No that is situate by the river, that has the river for her rampart". . . . Before I came to Egypt, Thebes, where the God Amon was worshipped, was always a myth to me. I hardly believed there was such a place and if there was, perhaps a few stones to mark its ancient site, and now I find the grandest ruins the world has ever known, at least, my world. O, that God my Father may bless to me the seeing of all these wonderful ruins and that they may last me through all my life and help to prepare me for that glorious life beyond.

Feb. 11. . . . After lunch we went to the temple

of Karnak. In the evening Mustafa Aga called, a good old soul. We were talking with Mustafa Aga upon the encroachments of the river upon the banks of Luxor, and he said they are going to throw out weirs and we asked him where the stones would be taken from, and he said there were plenty at Karnak!

Feb. 12. We rode up to the colossi but I prefer them at a distance where they look mysteriously solemn and grand. . . . We got a man to climb up to the lap of the so-called Memnon to strike the stone which gives out a sort of metallic sound. I tried to imagine myself as a visitor in the old times and standing in the train of Alexander I as he listened to the mysterious oracle which in honor of the distinguished guest spoke three times. . . . From this we went to the tombs of the queens. . . . The ground was all strewn about with curious pebbles and fossils, also opened mummy pits; and the discarded legs and bodies of the mummies, not being worth anything after being rifled of the coverings, were thrown away in piles. It did seem like desecrating the tombs of the dead, to treat bodies which formerly were like our own, and which were so carefully done up and hid away by loving friends just as we do to our dear departed ones now.

. . . Here we lunched, in the tombs, I never expected such a thing. Our lunch tasted very good and it was a bright and cheerful lunching hall. The Egyptians seem always to associate the idea of death with bright and cheerful representations, so we find scenes of daily life painted in bright and gay colors on the walls of their tombs and also banqueting scenes. This ought to teach the Christians somewhat to take

a more cheerful view of death as a great change for the better and to be more hopeful and trustful.

Feb. 14. In one of the side chambers I found a woman-headed sphinx and the head was very beautiful and classic. The word classic in my mind has always referred to the Greek style. I think it will have to go back farther than that now.

Feb. 15. Visited the tombs of the Kings which are so wonderfully interesting. . . . We lunched at the entrance to a tomb and after a little plunged into the depths of No. 17 where was buried the father of Rameses II. . . . It is a very richly painted tomb and is the perfection of Egyptian art, I should say. . . . I longed to copy some of the beautiful faces and colors so that I might always have them before me. . . . It was all so fresh and clear that it looked almost as if done yesterday. . . . I cannot admire enough the beautiful faces of the Kings and different Gods and Goddesses. This is a wonderful tomb. But how different it is from what the great monarch expected. He hoped it to be kept secret for all ages, till when? And now it is opened to be entered and robbed by every passing visitor, and the bodies in it stripped of all the riches on them, and perhaps cast on to a dust heap.

Feb. 17. Our last day in Thebes. . . . We devoted ourselves to Belzoni's tomb. On one side of the doorway is a God in mummy form, and one stupid fellow had written on it in pencil a sort of love song addressed to a woman which I suppose he took this to be. I rubbed out all of it except enough to show what had been said; such things are disgusting. . . . Came out through the great pylon before the smaller

temple and then through what remains of the great avenue of the sphinxes, and then I felt I had seen my last of Thebes. I had passed through its gateway into the outside world again. We have been very much blessed through our whole visit, indeed I have *always* been blessed.

Feb. 18. . . . I read and enjoyed the service in the morning. Read a discourse from "Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson" which was as good as a sermon. In the afternoon performed the great feat of cutting my hair. . . .

Feb. 19. . . . Today I had my first fall; fell from my donkey for my donkey fell on his knees and I and my umbrella rolled over his head. A fall from a donkey is very insignificant and I quickly remounted unhurt. . . . Antonio told us some stories of the superstitions and fatalism of the natives, although he says they are less than they used to be on account of the number of visitors. They are very superstitious also on the subject of hidden treasure, and when they saw me taking notes in the temple in Nubia they believed I was noting down spots where treasure was hidden, and that when I reached home I had only to say the word and it would come to me as I wished. Notes contain a different kind of treasure certainly but if they brought me such remuneration as that I should be well repaid for the musty chambers and streams of candle grease I have gone through in taking some notes. I have learned another thing but I cannot vouch for its truth, and that is that the natives think when we visit the tombs that we are the descendants of those buried there coming to visit the tombs of our ancestors.

March 3. . . . At about sunset stuck fast on to a sand bank and it took nearly three hours to get us off, and our men worked splendidly. I have learned now to be able to tell the different stages of getting off banks, etc. by the choruses or cries they make, for they never pull a rope without a chorus and some are very funny. They came out with a new one this morning: "Ah-hop-oh-hop-" repeated *ad libitum*. The Nile seems to grow more and more beautiful and I feel very sad that our delightful voyage is so nearly finished. . . . I sketched a good deal. I should not sketch at home on Sunday but here there is so little to do that it does not seem wrong.

Second village from this was Myt Rahyneh, where are the only remains of the great City of Memphis, to which Abraham came as a visitor with Sarah, and after him Joseph as a slave and where afterwards he was promoted to such great honor. The only remains consist of a beautiful limestone colossus of Rameses the Great, lying face downwards in a ditch. What a place for such an ambitious monarch! . . . It has the same pleasant, tranquil smile. . . . We first went to the tombs of Apis. . . . From this bull Apis I suppose the Israelites took their Golden Calf, as it was in Memphis where they lived that he was particularly worshipped. Moses too must have lived here and seen all these idolatrous rites; but as he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptian, so he probably being instructed in the mysterious, saw deeper below the corrupting of the faith and saw what the symbolism really meant, as among the Roman Catholics there are good and earnest men who lament for and yet do not join in the corruption of the noble

and simple truths of Christianity. . . . After this we visited the tomb of Ti, which Marietta Bey places about 6000 B. C. It is a very interesting tomb. I enjoyed it thoroughly. The sculptures are the best and most spirited we have seen anywhere, showing that the farther we go back into the dim ages, the more signs of a higher civilization do we find. We seem almost savage as compared with them. . . . We were sorry to have finished our last excursion from the dahabeeh and watched the last sunset seeing Cairo in the distance. I for one feeling quite sad, although I should be so thankful; we have been so wonderfully blessed in all our ways, and I know my Heavenly Father will guide me through all.

March 5. . . . Spent the whole morning in busily packing and I had hard work. I was sad taking down everything and preparing to leave our cosy little home where we have been so blessed. Dined at two, and after dinner, having given presents all around to the crew to whom I have really become attached, for they are so simple, like children, and quiet and well-behaved, shook hands twice, once with Rais Hassan and Rais Achmet. Genawi, my favorite, gave me a good hearty shake of the hand. . . . I felt strange dressed in a white shirt and kid gloves and felt as if I were waking from a delightful and instructive dream to return to the busy everyday's working life with its temptations and trials; but then we have in prospect Syria with its great absorbing interest. . . . I really felt homesick at leaving our independent life and losing some of my individuality in a large hotel.—*Pride.*

March 6. . . . I took a walk through modern

Cairo, very dusty. I prefer the old Oriental part. . . . Opposite us at table sit the Miss——; very pretty indeed; but beauty is only skin deep. Also an English lady with such handsome eyes, only they both knew their attractions. Were entertained by a band of music, so different from the songs of our sailors. How I miss them!

March 8. . . . A very good day for our excursion to the Pyramids. . . . It is almost impossible to realize their height even when men on the top look like little ants and it was curious to see them creeping down. I was the only one of our party venturous enough to go up the big one of Cheops and so was obliged to do it alone. To assist me I had three Arabs who were a help to me in going up and not so much in coming down. One took each hand and the third behind to boost. . . . At the top is quite a large platform and the view is very fine indeed. . . . After seeing all this grand extended view, I descended and found the descent very easy. . . . Did it all in half an hour, and then thought I would go inside and do it all. Took also three Arabs and was not at all troubled by bad air or oppressiveness, except that I felt very hot. . . . Then we arrived at the wonderful sphinx, which is certainly very grand and imposing, and has a tranquil and pleasant expression. . . . Traces of red paint still remain on the cheeks. The bottom of the headdress and the neck is worn by the sand, so that the headdress reminds one of a boy from "down East" with his back hair cut off short,—a very improper and wrong comparison. I was reproved.

March 9. . . In the afternoon drove over to old Cairo. . . . Visited first the very ancient mosque

of Amron. . . . Here are two pillars ten inches apart through which no infidels are supposed to be able to pass. I was sorry that I was thin enough to be able to slip through easily. . . . After this we went to the Coptic and Jewish quarters surrounded by a wall and heavy gate. In this quarter we visited the Coptic Church. . . . Underneath is the cave in which we are told the Virgin Mary with our Saviour stayed fourteen days and shown the place, a niche where she was concealed and also where she washed the little Christ. It was very curious and the first place of the kind connected with such a holy tradition that I have ever visited. I did not feel any different than usual. If it really had been the place where the Holy Family rested it would be nothing now although formerly it may have been filled with the glory of Christ's presence. We do not have to seek Him in dark caves for He is always present with us, although often His sacred presence is so little noticed. Then visited the Greek church,—a curious little church smelling strong of incense. No statues, only pictures. What a scheme for uniting the Greek Church with ours, as some have a mad idea like that. I thought of it as I came down the steps.

March 10. Went to church twice, and it was a great privilege. Especially enjoyed the Sacred Feast of the Body and Blood of our Lord as taken by Faith in His Holy Communion.

March 14. . . . After lunch, having obtained a permit for some mosques went off. I was obliged to take off my laced boots and go stocking feet, and I was careless enough to begin putting on my shoes just within the threshold, and a stout Moslem, seeing me

do it, flung one outside and told me to step out. I suppose he did right according to his faith but he might have done it in a more polite way.

March 25. . . . Reached Jaffa, ancient Joppa, at about 8 o'clock. . . . A very disagreeable and crowded landing but so curious. And when I first put my foot on the Holy Land, a thrill came over me and I could hardly believe that this was the very country in which our Saviour lived and taught when on earth. I hope and pray that it may grow and seem more real to me! . . . Here Jonah embarked for Tarshish and here St. Peter had his wonderful vision and here Dorcas lived.

March 28. . . . We left Lydda where St. Peter visited the saints and healed Aeneas of the palsy. . . . We could look down the valley at the base of the mountains through which Joshua chased the Amorites with their five kings. . . . From the North of Beth Horon where we are encamped we could trace out the course of that wonderful battle which Joshua with the Israelites waged against the five kings of the Amorites; when he commanded the sun and moon to stand still in their places. The sun over Gibeon which I faced in the South and the moon over Ajalon which is on a low ridge to the West. A wonderful scene for such a battle.

March 29. . . . I will say it. I am disappointed so far in Syria, which I had imagined like England, and now this part is rockier and more sterile even than dear New England. . . . Gibeon is situated picturesquely on a steep rocky hill and looks very ancient. Here Solomon had his dream in which God offered him his choice of certain gifts and where he

so wisely asked for wisdom and understanding. . . . . Climbed the very steep and high hill of Neby Sam Will from which we had a remarkably fine and interesting view, the finest in this part of Syria. . . . This is not much of a town. Here Samuel is said to have been buried. Here Laban made that covenant with Jacob when he gave him his daughters for wives naming it Mizpah, setting up stones and saying that beautiful verse, The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other. Here the Ark rested somtime, and great burnt offerings were offered up before the temple was finished. . . . At last we did get to the fine Damascus gate. Many encampments there and passed on near Joppa gate where were our tents, not quite put up. Now we are in sight of Zion, the old citadel, the valley of Hinnom and that of Gihon at our feet. I am not yet disappointed in this part. Was very tired. Rested all the afternoon reading the lessons, etc. for the day, as it is Good Friday and I should so have liked to go to church.

Easter Sunday, March 31. Not a beautiful day as it should be. . . . Was thankful to be able to attend the English Church on Mt. Zion. . . . After lunch I wrote letters and then went out for a quiet walk. Walked along the walls to the Damascus gate and then beyond under Jeremiah's Cave to the corner of the wall,—where I had a fine view of the Mount of Olives which I long to climb and which is so deeply and sacredly interesting. . . . Felt somewhat fagged by my walk. I don't know why I am so stupid. I commit myself to my Heavenly Father. May He take care of me and lead me.

April 1. . . . Took a ride. . . . We wound round the hill till we came in sight of the city, the valley of Hinnom lying below us. Could also see the Mountains of Moab rising up like a great wall. . . . Then past again what remains of Solomon's Gardens, terraces with olives and pomegranates and even a few vegetables, to the pool of Siloam. Bp. Heber's hymn, "By cool Siloam's shady rill" loses some of its force for the only rill I could see descended from the upper hill, *deep* down under the shadow of a rock overhanging. . . . We passed the reputed Garden of Gethsemane, a very displeasing spot. I have seen over the walls; there are a few aged olive trees, protected by a white painted fence. There are in one corner a few yews. As we turned the corner of the wall of Bezetha, the Mount of Olives looked very beautiful and sacred in the golden light of the setting sun. . . . In the afternoon the Doctor came and ordered me more of that stuff, saying that my headache arose from my life in Cairo; that there was no disease; that I was not to expose myself to the sun and only ride on horseback.

April 2. Left at about 10.30 for Bethany. Went straight up the Mount of Olives with the reputed Garden of Gethsemane on our right and the tomb of the Virgin on our left,—path very steep, and up this King David walked, weeping, on his way to the Wilderness of Judaea as he was escaping from Absalom. Poor King David. Up at the top we got into the little village. . . . I, feeling too stupid, sat on a wall with the city spread out at my feet. . . . I tried to imagine our Saviour's frequent visits to this hill for quiet and prayer. Certainly it is a sacred mount.

. . . We rode to the back of the hill and began to descend slowly towards Bethany. It was along this quiet and retired path that Jesus led His disciples in His last walk on earth in human form. "And when He had led them as far as Bethany, He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and it came to pass while He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into Heaven. And while they were gazing up into Heaven, two men appeared unto them saying, in like manner He shall come again, and so they returned to Jerusalem with great joy." . . . Bethany itself is a very green spot, quiet and retired, with pretty views of the surrounding hills, and many olive and almond trees,—a picture of a little, little ruined village not very low down on the side of the hill,—a spot seeming as if our Saviour must have loved it, and must have enjoyed the surrounding views; and here He was wont to retire after the hard day of teaching and persecution in the dreadful city. And how Martha and Mary and Lazarus must have welcomed the Lord's coming! Mary must have sat at His feet listening quietly to every word that fell from His loved lips. Here He raised Lazarus from the dead and said those wonderful words to the bustling Martha, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, tho' he were dead, yet shall he live!' And here Mary Magdalene anointed Him with the precious ointment. It is striking that in the same place where Jesus spoke those wonderful words, "I am the Resurrection," He should have ascended into Heaven. Coming away from here, we followed the more public road leading around the side of the hill by which Jesus came on his triumphal entry into

Jerusalem. Ascending a little above Bethany, it descends again somewhat following the course of the hill into where a torrent's bed makes a gully, and here probably He sent His disciples to the village over against them at the top of Olivet on the right for the foal of an ass, and He might have walked on with the procession and have met the ass further on. After ascending from the gully we turn the corner. And then Jerusalem bursts upon us. And here probably He wept over the city, uttering that fearful prophecy so literally fulfilled. . . . We reached our encampment at about 1.30, having a sacredly interesting ride.

April 3. . . . We walked up Zion to the Coenaculum where tradition places the scene of Pentecost, a large vaulted room with two pillars in the centre, an upper room, for below it is the mosque in which is the tomb of David. It is hard Christians and Jews should be prevented from visiting and very trying. Oh that there were more charity in the world, and one feels that so constantly here, where the Christian sects are so constantly wrangling and fighting amongst themselves! And all this amongst such sacred scenes. . . . Coming home I was asked what were my impressions. I could not give any, not even awe, at approaching the Holy Sepulchre. I only looked,—did not think. What a blessing it is we have not to associate the life of our Lord with such scenes, so sad and trivial compared with the wonderful mystery of His life and death. How I should like to be with the dear ones at home. God in His good time re-unite us! And I should feel happy and thankful for the wonderful privilege of being in this

land but I feel so stupid. May He take care of me and make me to get well soon.

April 4. . . . And now was before us the celebrated mosque of the Dome of the Rock, so very interesting as marking out most probably the summit of Mt. Moriah, the rock on which Abraham is said to have prepared to offer Isaac. . . . Descending some steps into a cave in the rock we were shown spots where David, Solomon and Mohammed prayed, the latter apparently in rising from his prayers, got up too quickly for the hole his head made in the rock above is shown. . . . Of course, we were shown spots of superstitious reverence, such as the footprints of Mohammed and of Christ and other things. I look at them as a matter of course, but they leave no impression on me. . . . Coming back we passed the novices of the Greek Church of the Cross, playing "Hop Scotch". I was glad to see they could play something.

April 5. . . . I walked across Zion past the tomb of David and descended, through ploughed land, the very steep and high slope of the hill into the picturesque and wild valley of Hinnom. There choosing a quiet and grassy nook under the shadow of a great rock I rested some time, reading the guide book and making notes in my Bible, the true guide to the Holy Land.

. . . We went to the Jews' place of wailing. . . . Here every Friday the Jews have the privilege of weeping over their temple, now so dishonored, a very affecting sight, the stones are worn in many places by their kissing them. . . . After this, we rode to Bethany by the public road as I like the sacred spot

more than ever. . . . At the top of the Mount of Olives, immediately under the Church, we found our camp pitched in a ploughed olive orchard, and with such a fine view of the city. I took a little stroll down the hill and there read some of our Lord's discourses on the Mount. How different they seem!

April 8. . . . The Doctor came and lunched with us. Was very interesting and pleasant. Gave his opinions on the Jews, believing in their speedy restoration here, and the second coming of Christ on the Mount of Olives, and His personal reign. Certainly the prophecies are wonderfully strange. . . . I am just beginning to find out these prophecies and feel my great ignorance.

April 10. Last night was fearfully stormy, very high wind, and before dawn heavy showers with lightning, so as Antonio said if it rained my tent was in danger. So hearing the rain, I sprang out of bed and dressed myself all but coat and shoes, got on my rubber coat and waited for the downfall; but although my faith was very weak I was preserved and not a rope gave way. . . . We ascend the ridge of Bethlehem by a road going up through orchards of olives and figs. Soon we come upon the town, much larger and more bustling than I expected, and very picturesque. We rattled up the roughly paved and narrow streets to the church. Not a handsome church at all but ancient and built by St. Helena, the columns beautiful and old, all the rest of the church carefully divided between the different sects, and the Monk who showed us around was full of the grievances done to his sect by the others. And all this quarrelling about the spot where the Prince of Peace was born!

Were taken downstairs and shown the spot marked by a silver star where the Saviour of the world was born. Even though it may not be the spot, still it was near it, and how many precious thoughts it calls up. We were also shown the study of St. Jerome, a dark cell lighted by one window high up and very interesting. Here he fancied he heard continually the sound of the last trump sounding in his ears. The beggars and petty merchants were as disagreeable as our worst enemies could wish. Then we visited the grotto of milk where Mary gave our Saviour the first milk, so says tradition. The Rock of the Grotto, say *believers,* has a remarkable power of increasing women's milk. The women of Bethlehem are celebrated for their beauty but we saw very few specimens. . . . Soon we saw at our feet the most delicious valley laid out in gardens. In this valley is a little village which may be Etam to which Solomon was accustomed to go for a morning ride. Does he not speak of this place in Ecc. Chap. II., 4, 5? Truly a lowly valley like the happy valley of Rasselas, but hot. Amongst these hills David tended his father's sheep, and wrote those beautiful psalms, 23, 29, 19, 42. . . . Saw a flock of sheep with a boy clothed in a sheepskin tending there, who might have been David. What a fitting place for the training of such a warrior and poet as David. . . . Long ago when we thought of coming to Syria in 1870 I did not care about it, and now I have the same feelings. Christ is no more to be found here than at home. He is Risen. But I am thankful for the scenes which lighten my Bible-reading; I am thankful for the privilege of visiting this land. But as a pilgrim I could never come.

April 13. . . . It was very pleasant to see the shepherds leading home their flocks who were quietly following. I heard one shepherd saying Tha' Tha', meaning, Come, Come, reminding me so forcibly of the Good Shepherd and His invitation to follow Himself.

April 14. . . . Went to church in the morning at ten and had a very pleasant service. Two boys were confirmed and then a sermon by Bishop Gobat on the Jews—God's long-suffering to them. And his belief that they were to be converted repenting bitterly, very good and interesting. One good thing he said that Christians were too apt to think the blessings were for themselves and the curses for the Jews.

April 15. . . . Got away at nine on our way to the valley of the Jordan. . . . The scenery grew wilder and more desolate, all sorts of barren, naked hills surrounding us. . . . Road remarkably good. . . . Plenty of wild flowers. . . . Very little grass, a sort of heather and such kind. Strange sort of strata with spots of red and yellow. . . . Saw many spots from which a robber might rush out upon an unwary traveller. Indeed we saw some with long spears or guns looking down upon us from some of the high hills, all reminding us very forcibly of the beauty and aptness of our Lord's parable. There was a very little spice of excitement in the journey but not the least thought of danger.

April 18. . . . Saw many Hebrew Mss. One very fine one of the Pentateuch. Bought a copy of the Book of Esther.

April 19. . . . We were now in Benjamin and the hills very rocky and wild. . . . In about an

hour we were on the hill overlooking ancient Bethel. I thought of Jacob; he would have found plenty of stones for his pillows. A very poor village, the prophecy literally fulfilled, "Bethel shall come to nought." . . . The beauty of the flowers has been a constant delight and we every now and then found some new variety. Today we saw fields with a thin growth of wheat and filled up with gorgeous poppies and a dull, yellow flower, and others, making a real bouquet as Antonio observed. Then we saw a low hollyhock, a sort of magenta, and a kind of small, yellow jessamine with no perfume, all kinds of single roses, a large, dark maroon-colored calla lily, honeysuckles in bud, pretty vines, some clematis trailing over the stone walls, iris, and any quantity of others I know no names for, also the handsome yellow broom. . . . We know from the abundance of olives and figs that we are in Ephraim, who was particularly blessed by Jacob.

April 20. The valley or plain of Libbah is very beautiful. . . . This plain was standing thick with corn shining in the sunlight. The valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, could almost be said,—surely Ephraim was blessed. . . . I wish we could see more oaks; they are so handsome. . . . When we reached the summit the view was very fine. . . . Going to see the killing of the passover tomorrow on Mt. Gerizim by the Samaritans.

April 21. We were taken to the tent of the High Priest, a fine refined looking man. They have in their synagogue a very ancient and curious book of the law which they prize very much, saying it was written by Phinehas the Son of Aaron. Six lambs, white, were

amongst the tents. Returning to Jacob's tent we were regaled with tea and large round cakes of unleavened bread folded four times and unleavened cakes filled with preserve. All very heavy indeed and I should think very indigestible. I hope they used to be better in the old times. We waited patiently till almost sunset when we were told the prayers had commenced. We went to the spot where the fire was and there all the males dressed mostly in white were reciting prayers, their faces turned toward the spot where their sanctuary stood; they held out their hands and sometimes stroked down their faces and prostrated themselves. They rattled off the prayers very quickly in a loud sing-song tone, out of time and out of tune. There was very little solemn about it till they all stood still moving their lips in silent prayer. Then just as the sun had set they seized the lambs and threw them down and then cutting their throats, everyone uttering a loud and exultant cry, they thought their passover was slain. The lambs were laid on fresh cut grass so that not even the blood might remain over. Over a little fire where were to be burnt "the purtenances thereof" were two kettles of boiling water and pouring these over the bodies they pulled off the fleece. After the slaying of the lambs every one went up to kiss the hand of the High Priest or to salute him kissing first one shoulder and then the other. They saluted among themselves. Some of the boys and young men dipped their fingers in the blood and touched with it the faces of some of the little ones near. As we came away we passed a man bringing leaves of bitter herbs wrapped up in unleavened bread. "With bitter herbs shall ye

eat of it." I thought it tasted more like salad than like bitter herbs.

May 1. I forgot till now that this was Mayday and a more beautiful Mayday I never saw. . . . In about two hours and twenty minutes we reached Sarepta. . . . I am glad Elijah had so cool an exchange for the brook Cherith. . . . Beyond Sarepta we came in sight of Sidon. . . . It is strange to think what a very ancient city this is and the mother of Tyre.

May 2. . . . Left Sidon at 8. . . . Descended the beach and rode along the sands and from here Sidon looked remarkably picturesque. . . . We thought Jezebel had a beautiful home. . . . I think we ought to congratulate ourselves that Roman roads are so seldom found,—they may have been well enough in their time. . . . We reached our encampment placed on the dry part of the bed of the Nahr. . . . It is curious to think that probably this is our last night in tents. I never was very fond of them but still I shall miss the free independence and the abundance of fresh air and exercise. We have been blessed indeed and it has done me a great deal of good. What a privilege this journey has been to me. That I may make a right use of it all!

May 5. . . . Went to the American Mission Church. (Beyrout) . . . Went to the hospital of the Knights of St. John, belonging to the German Deaconesses. . . . I was horrified at being introduced as *Rev.* Mr. Amory and exclaimed against it. It seems that Mrs. Baker who kindly gave us an introduction had rather a vague idea of what I was and asked Dr. Post to use his influence to persuade my

entering into the Mission Work, and so he supposed I had taken Orders. I told him I had not prepared yet even for College and had made no definite plans, although it is my intention, God willing, and giving me health and strength, to enter upon the work of the ministry, although some one said I did not look strong the other day. And although very well now, am not so sturdy and stout now as I should like to be.

May 12. . . . The natives were out with their wives and children, all having a good time smoking, singing (?) and talking, women mostly Jewesses and unveiled. Scarcely any are pretty; expressionless and tallow-faced, very gawky and ungraceful in their movement. The women often wear great white burnouses covering them and with a piece of covered muslin drawn tight over their faces. One does not find it hard sometimes to catch an eye looking through. It is fortunate there is a veil. I am afraid the rest of the face would not be so attractive but one can imagine so much.

May 13. . . . Spent the morning amongst the tempting bazars. I am growing more and more fascinated with Damascus. People may think I am buying a great deal and I am, but it is mostly for Fred and Robt. It requires very much thought and I know I make mistakes.

May 27. . . . Reached Athens at about 10. Gradually the Acropolis had been growing upon us, and when we got nearer it it looked, with its crumbling ruins, so gravely desolate and impressive, a sad and fitting memorial of the glory of ancient Greece. A boulevard led us up to the West front of the Acropolis, near us was Mars Hill, the Court of the Acrop-

olis, a rough mound of rock. . . . Scattered about everywhere were fragments of columns, statues, friezes, etc., some exquisitely rich and beautiful. It was all so much more beautiful, rich and imposing than I expected, but all so ruined and desolate. . . . Then went to the Parthenon which impressed me very much, on so much larger and grander scale than I expected. Grand and simple. A wonderful memorial. . . . It is curious to think that while the Egyptians brought to perfection their style of conventional sculpture it was for the Greeks to take away all the conventionality and to add the graceful beauty.

May 29. . . . Crossed the Agora and climbed the sixteen steps to the summit of Mars Hill where sat the court of the Areopagites, a magnificent place for St. Paul's wonderful address. How effective it must have been and with such surroundings as made it so much more emphatic. Towering above him was the Acropolis where was one of the most glorious temples in the world dedicated to heathen worship. . . . After breakfast we drove to see Mars Hill school, which is very interesting, although I *hate* seeing schools. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Hill called. I feel very much provoked that we have to spend so much time seeing people. I came to Athens to see antiquities and study history and more than half my time is wasted on people. I hope it does us all good.

May 30. . . . I walked to the Acropolis. . . . The Acropolis looked more beautiful and grander than ever. Sketched the very beautiful and elegant North portico of the Erectheum.

June 4. . . . Reached Corfu at dawn, at about

4.30 A. M. . . . View of the island and of the town and Acropolis very beautiful and picturesque. The surroundings more beautiful than I ever imagined. . . . The inhabitants I *heard* prefer the English rule to that of the Greeks. . . . Spent the morning quietly reading and resting and at 2.30 had dinner. Then the steamer was in sight and after buying tickets we sent off a horrid commissionaire (I hate the whole tribe of them) to see if we could have berths. The island looked beautiful as we left about 7. . . . What island in the Mediterranean is not lovely!

June 6. Morning somewhat cloudy and really cool, shows that for the present we have finished with the Eastern climate. . . . Off Trieste, a remarkably picturesque place seated at the foot of hills which descend precipitously into the sea, and all covered with green and dotted with villages.—We have now finished our Eastern tour which has been full of blessings and enjoyment throughout and will I trust prove a blessing to me through my future life. Surely God has blessed us.

CHAPTER III.

It will be seen in the extracts from young Amory's journal that the year which would have been his first year at college was spent profitably. He learned much that in after years he never forgot. The vivid impressions of Egypt never left him. The monuments, the temples, the shattered strength of the ancient country fastened themselves upon him. The Holy Land with its precious memories was always a part of the treasures of his thoughts. He often referred to it in his talks and sermons of later years. The classic land of Greece following in its clear reality so soon upon his study became to him something he had seen and walked upon and was of distinct advantage to him. The year so far from being wasted, by the young man's fine sense of duty, by his vigorous desire to learn, by his firm resolution to wrest the blessings out of these days became one of the richest years of his youth. It ripened his mind. It fitted him for his studies by giving him a new sense of life. It strengthened his ideal. He came back to his home after his year of careful observations, of freedom, of novel experiences and excitement, stronger in mind, and considerably improved in his physical condition.

The summer passed rapidly with the usual holiday pleasure, and in the Fall Augustine resumed his studies, applied himself diligently under the tutor-

ship of Mr. Parkman, and in July, 1873 wrote to Mr. Noble that he had "entered college *clear.*" He was the last of his brothers to enter. His younger brother had already entered. Augustine might have begun his college course several years before, but again and again his health had held him back. To enter so late, so far behind those of his own years was hard for him. He felt it. It was his steadfastness of purpose, his ideals and his determination that took away the poignancy of being in a later class. After each interruption during his preparation he would return to his books, begin again, and take up his work where he had been forced to leave it. His class at Harvard was that of 1877. His course when once he was fairly started was uninterrupted. His record during the four years as a college student was good. His scholarship was high. He was the same conscientious student that he had been in his travels and his rank was well up among the foremost. His life during these four years was without blemish, his character without reproach. Many men go to college without any clear notion as to what they will do in life; many cannot make up their minds. Others prefer to drift into something. But Amory's mind had been made up long ago. There was never a time in his life when he did not know what he wanted to do and be. He could not remember when he did not have before him the Ministry, when he did not want to be a Minister of the Gospel. This had for years been his ideal, and thus in Harvard he had the steadying influence of a great vision. His ideal apart from his intrinsic purity of heart and mind lent strength to his life, but that very purity of heart and mind which was ever his can

scarcely be over-estimated. It was that in him which struck most forcibly those who knew him. His class in college was not made up of men with whom he would have much in common. "It did not leave an enviable reputation in the college history." It was a famous class "but famous for a certain liveliness quite foreign to his nature." In spite of this, however, Amory did not separate from his fellows, nor did he hold himself aloof. "There was something so simple and manly in him that although he never touched athletics and was always of the purest, he gained and held a position among his classmates and large group of friends." He was sought after by both and became a member of one of the two principal club tables of his class, the one which included the leading and active men in social matters. He was elected to the oldest and most desired societies in the college:—The Institute of 1770, the "Dickey," O K, the Hasty Pudding Club, of which he was Librarian, St. Paul's Society, and others which were not so important. But he was never carried away. He was always himself, and for this he was ever respected and beloved by his classmates.

"I knew Augustine Amory well," Mr. E. S. Martin writes "but never intimately, and after leaving college I rarely saw him. The most I can tell you about him is that I have always thought of him as as nearly a saint as any man I knew. This impression was based partly on acquaintance and partly on my knowledge of incidents which concerned him and which illustrated his character. In college he was much the same single-minded being that he was to the end of his days. It impressed me to hear that he had

declined some college associations not easily come by and which on more accounts must have been very attractive to him. I understood his reasons, that they would tend to detach him from the course of life to which he already felt himself to be wholly devoted. His happiness, even then, was of the spiritual quality, and held him a little apart from the commoner and ruder pleasures of life. Men of aspirations and views of life totally different from his, respected him, liked him, and showed, definitely, and in ways that did credit to their insight, a desire for as much of his society as he chose to give them. But though he never lacked brotherliness in his dealings with anyone, instinctively he kept himself unspotted from the world, choosing such pleasures and preferring such intimacies as were most sympathetic to his convictions and his purposes."

The way things went in college, however, troubled him. Gentle and free from all censoriousness as he was, he was keenly sensitive to the way the young men were living. His state of mind may be inferred from the following letters written by his pastor whom he had asked for help and advice in serious and solemn trouble.

My dear Friend:—

I have not forgotten your letter or the confidence you put in me by writing to me. I have often thought of my young collegians among my hearers at Brookline and have wondered how they were getting on, and if they had ever passed through the same experiences I had felt. I know all that you have written to me about—and have felt just that same antagonism be-

tween the religious duty and the jolly social crowd. I remember when I was a sophomore in college Dr. Goodwin, then Provost of the University, sent for me in a recitation room.

The fellows supposed I was to be up before the faculty for some prank.

But when I got down to the Faculty Den, the Dr. said, "Take a chair and sit down." And then added, "I have sent for you to know if you can help me to devise any plan by which the two-penny Christians here can be helped in the hard struggle of a college life."

So we finally arranged for a "meditation" once a week, which was conducted by some clergyman. The exercises were one-half hour long and all the religious men came. This was a balance wheel to the other wheels.

My dear Augustine:—I know just what you are passing through. But you will come out of it bravely. I used to long for greater inspiration and further nearness to Christ, but it has not come until the real hard work of life has come. College life is utterly unnatural, artificial, unreal and purely ideal in character. I think you will find Christ near you, waiting for you at the end of the college path. I doubt if you, with your surroundings, can make your Christian life much different from that which it now is. Don't try to be like, don't try to imitate anyone else. Be natural, make men respect you, remember you are in the midst of queer standards of life—draw your own Christian lines, and stand within them: pray short prayers and often, and "tarry Thou the Lord's leis-

ure" for life is made up of many bits of experience, and we cannot have it all at once.

Affectionately yours,

William W. Newton.

After Amory's graduation he naturally turned towards the Divinity School. To the ministry he had always looked forward. It was the profession which seemed a part of him and of his early visions. Throughout his travels in his earlier life he never failed to go to church when Sunday came. He always read the Service on Sundays, and often a sermon. Religious literature interested him. Gaining in strength, as has been said, during his college course, there was no interruption between his college and seminary years. In the Autumn following his graduation from Harvard he entered the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. He thought of the General Theological Seminary in New York, of the Philadelphia Divinity School, and conscientiously sought for the best advice. Each of the seminaries in his mind possessed advantages which ought not to be overlooked. "Wherever you go to study theology," Bishop Potter wrote to him in 1877, "you will find that much will depend upon yourself. There is no such discipline in a theological school as keeps men up to the mark in college (I am not sure that it would not be better if there were) and therefore it is easy for one to get slack in matters of preparation and recitation." Before Fall, however, he had made up his mind and matriculated with the class of 1880 of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. To

this school he became firmly attached. He was always a loyal and loving alumnus.

The three years which a man passes in Divinity School are generally uneventful. They are quiet, even years:—going back and forth to lectures, hours of reading and study, social intercourse, discussion and conversation with one's fellows. They pass sweetly and swiftly. But they are significant years. One's first contact with Divinity is startling. The coming into touch with theology strikes with profound meaning. The Church with her purity, Christ and all that clusters around Him, God and all the thoughts of Him become familiar and intimate truths. The dangerous side of them never forced itself upon Amory. He never reached that pass where he could speak in a cold and offhand way of the Mysteries of Religion. It was always with reverence and devotion. One remembers his gentleness and unfailing courtesy, his careful attention to study, his faithful attendance at the services of the Seminary, the zeal with which he looked forward to his sacred profession. His diary of his last year in the Seminary, the few months leading up to graduation and ordination, reveals at times his inner soul. High purpose, sincerity, conscientiousness, consecration, seem to have sealed him in every year of his life. We see it in his diaries which he kept.

Jan. 7. Preached in Chapel at Evening Prayer. How unsatisfactory is my sermon. Shall I ever preach to edification?

Jan. 11. We should see every man as God does with the books open.

Jan. 12. A. came in and thanked me for my ser-

mon (!) and opened a little on doubts, etc., O that I might help others, and bring them with myself to Thee, O eternal Light and Truth.

Feb. 5. . . . Stopped in A———s room and a long talk during which he opened to me all his doubts, and I so little able to help, so sinful and weak myself. Lord, my God, reveal thyself to him in Christ, and make me truly thy servant.

Feb. 21. Drove to my Bible class, only 5. After service an earnest appeal to Confirmation——went to see ———— about Confirmation, but he was unwilling to take the step. Oh, for power and grace to bring others to Thee, my Master and Saviour.

March 10. Dr. Steenstra came in before prayer. I showed the shorter Westminster Catechism and he said as a boy he knew it all by heart and the Heidelberg too. I said, How could you be anything but extremely orthodox. He said he would if he could but he could not help himself. These are searching times.

March 14. Read service for Dr. Storrs. If I could only be free from self-consciousness. It can only be by deeper and more entire self-consecration, self-surrender in my work to my Master.

March 22. . . . Some wine at our club table. I don't like much of that sort of thing.

March 25. . . . Went all over the place (Arthur's seat) house and greenhouses. It looked dreary in the stripped house and so natural and beautiful about the grounds. It was sad work but God has so richly blessed us. May I but consecrate to my Master's service the life so nurtured and guarded.

April 12. Kidner came in to see me and asked me if I could consider his parish at Ipswich as possible

if he left. For many reasons I should like it, but dread responsibility of a parish.

April 13. Willie Lawrence came to ask me to be his assistant next year at Lawrence, and to do some mission work in South Lawrence and No. Andover. Much in the proposition I like especially in the kind of work it offers.

April 18. . . . Went to the Advent where the singing was fine but the proceedings somewhat spectacular, tho' like a Cathedral. I confess I do not wholly dislike a boy choir.

April 23. . . . To Lawrence by 4.45 train. Then Willie Lawrence met me—took me to see the operatives streaming from the mills. In evening he had a lecture. He is a very sensible fellow and does real good work. Willie drove me all over the town, and to North Andover and South Lawrence, in either of which places he wants to start missions. There are three Episcopal churches, five Roman churches, but abundance of poverty. I told him I could give no decided answer yet.

May 12. . . . Ordination a month from today. Oh God, give me grace and power to proclaim the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ, and to be one with Him in life and deed.

May 13. Bishop Huntington gave us his last lecture on the Sacramental System of Christianity, which is the necessary and logical result from the Incarnation. We were to feel ourselves surrounded by hosts of angels, etc. My Protestant mind rebels at too much of such ideas. Afterwards we met him pleasantly at Dr. Wharton's, where were Unitarian professors and the Romanist Priest.

May 17. . . . Called on the Bishop. He approved of my going to Lawrence. Had thought of Natick for me, and Milford but latter has a glebe of 27 acres and not enough work. . . . Wrote Willie L. I would go. I take charge in August. And afterwards to be his assistant. Oh, Lord, bless me in it.

May 18. Allen said Mr. Brooks had been speaking of me for Bangor and dissuaded assistant work. He thought work at Lawrence good and also responsibility of sole charge of a parish. Called and had a pleasant call on Mr. Brooks. He did not believe in work of assisting. Went home and wrote to Willie I would not take charge in Aug. and wrote the same to the Bishop.

May 30. Told him (Wm. Lawrence) I would go to Lawrence beginning Sept. 1st. God bless me there.

June 4. . . . Called on Bp. as I have a call to Natick. By some vacillation caused by May 18, he had recommended me to them though he would not urge my going. Went to Cambridge and spoke about it to Dr. Gray who advised my going to Natick. So I went and looked up the quiet New England town,—uninteresting.

June 6. . . . Examined and bid goodbye to my 8 boys—quite sadly—for I have been so much interested in my work.

June 7. Examined by Dr. Gray, A—l. Not very bad. So near the end: God keep me! Wrote to the Bishop, that I thought it my duty to abide by my promise to work with Willie L. in Lawrence.

June 15. . . . Went to Cambridge where I had an active and busy time seeing the fellows and pack-

ing. It seems that my exams., etc. have been so successful as to make me first in my class. There is danger as well as blessing in success. . . . My surplice and cassock have come. Truly all things are ready. Am I?

One of his old friends, his nurse, had an almost sacred influence over him and his brothers. She was wont to call Augustine her baby. She wrote to him at this time:

My dear Augustine:

It is a very long time since I gave you a line. I have excuses enough but they would not amount to much if told. No wonder that you feel that Leominster is a great way off, you hear so seldom; but when I pray for you and you pray for me, don't we seem a little nearer together; don't we know that we shall be cared for and helped to bear the trials of the way, by the same Heavenly Father, the same Loving Savior, ever present, however far away with us both?

I went to church this morning. Heard a good sermon from the words "and His name shall be called Wonderful," and it is Communion Day with us. My baby must be away or very busy as I have not heard from him for sometime. I suppose that you are all taken up with the new chapel. I think that the new church here is just as nice and pretty and convenient as it can be. Augustine, don't work too hard, it won't pay to get overdone, it is not required of the Lord's servants.

Now your life work begins. Only think how that little baby has got along, year after year, until now he is preaching the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour

Jesus Christ: the very highest calling, if rightly done. You are well educated, you have a strong arm to lean on. You have the promise if any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. I do hope that you won't go into this mysterious kind of preaching which seems to be the fashion in some places. I don't think that it is the way that Christ preached when He was on the earth for our example. Preach the dear loving Saviour as the only hope of salvation from sin. I don't need to tell you what to preach. I have perfect confidence in your desire to preach the truth as it is in Jesus. May the God of Heaven who has the hearts of all in his hand, put such thoughts into your heart and such words to your lips as shall most and best attract souls to the beauty of holiness and to the joy and comfort of having a never dying friend in this world and in that which is to come. Oh! I must not talk to you this way any more. You are the one to talk to me. You are my minister. You know next Sunday is Communion with us as with you. Remember me at the Mercy Seat please.

Mother sends love and good wishes. I hope, dear Gussie, that in due time you will have a good Christian lady, a helpmate indeed.

Yours truly,

C. A. Wilder.

His class was small, numbering only eleven men. They went out on June 16, 1880. Augustine, at the age of 28, receiving his degree of Bachelor in Divini-

ty, with first rank in the class, and being admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons.

June 16. A solemn and yet blessed day. May I ever be conscious of the new relationship to my Master to which it has ushered me. Seven to be ordained, reminding us of the seven early Deacons.

Thus Amory entered upon that life which was the brightest and best of all to him. It was the work which he had chosen, the business he had longed to be about and which from childhood had held out its divine attractions to him.

June 20. . . . Walked over to our dear old church and there preached on "paying back the price." At first nervous and then forgot myself. Church full, many other friends of all classes. Was very glad to have done it tho' I dreaded it. Everybody very kind.

June 27. Engaged to preach morning at St. John's, Cambridge. Evening at Mr. Fales', Waltham.

Preached on Jabez' Prayer at St. John's to a moderate congregation. . . . I did feel somewhat nervous and my voice in reading the first lesson appeared to me a little shaky. Got through my sermon well. . . . Preached in the Chapel (Waltham) to a small congregation but I felt it was real preaching. Inspire me, oh Lord, to thy Glory!

July 3. Came to Lawrence by 4.45 train. Strange feeling of the approaching consummation of my plans of work here. As I came into the station saw an engine marked Reliance. Will Lawrence met me. I pass Sunday with him to assist him.

July 4. Sunday School at 9.30, where I played

melodeon and taught a class of small boys. Service at 10.30 in which I assisted as well as in the Communion, a solemn and blessed privilege. Then assisted in Baptisms. Then assisted at a funeral of a friendless man. Evening service at 7, which I conducted and then preached. Billie pronounced it not sophomoric. Oh, Lord, give me grace to speak thy truth. I look forward with much pleasure to my work here. May it be blessed, Oh Lord, to thy Glory, and to the good of thy sheep!

July 20. My 28th birthday! God lead me ever to Thy Glory to do the following of the Master; as I grow in years may I grow in grace!

Aug. 1. All the elders went to Beverly to service where I read part of the service and preached and assisted at the Communion. Got through all right. Mother went to the service and was very nervous but glad to have gone. Truly it was an occasion for her. Many friends and relatives at service this morning, so preaching was more formidable. A solemn and almost sad pleasure to help administer the Communion to father.

Aug. 20. . . . To Lawrence to look at rooms. God bless me in my work there!

Aug. 29. My summer has been so happy here (Beverly) I don't like signs of breaking up, but my calling and work is a noble and stimulating one. Lord, be with me and help me!

Sept. 2. . . . A very sad parting with mother as I was on my way to Lawrence.

CHAPTER IV.

As the course of Amory's seminary life drew near its close, various fields of labor presented themselves. A theologue at such a time seeks and receives much advice. Possibilities of work appeared to Amory in Bangor, Milford, Natick, Ipswich, and Lawrence. In the latter place, a large mill city, the Rev. William Lawrence was at this time Rector of Grace Church. This parish and city were growing rapidly. The section of the city called South Lawrence on the southern bank of the Merrimac was fast filling up. Besides this there were many church people in the neighboring village of North Andover. The Rector was eager to start a mission in the latter place, but he was unable to do it on account of the demands of his parish. Mr. Lawrence felt that Augustine Amory was the man to do the work and so called him to be his assistant at Grace Church and to take up as his own work the mission in North Andover. This was attractive to Amory. It combined the different kinds of work. It gave him the work of an assistant in a city parish and it gave him his own parish to build up in his own way. He accepted the call and began the work in September, 1880. It is characteristic of him that he began at the very beginning. There was no waiting to settle down. He started with a flying start. An extract from his journal on the day he left

Boston for Lawrence Sept. 2, 1880 reads—By 2.55 train went with Willie to Lawrence, my future field of work. After tea called on a sick woman, then on the Miss Packards. Drove to North Andover, saw French, also C. Went to enquire about holding services in North Andover where I am to have my mission field.

The work in North Andover was a work which needed a man of tact, shrewd, and adaptable. There was the old village and the town towards Lawrence where the factories were. The interested Church people, the chief supporters, were in the old village: In the town were many English Church people who must be brought into touch. The problem was to bring all together. There was no church building and the first thing to do was to get one.

Sept. 10. . . . Drove to N. A. for a preliminary meeting of my mission in the Town Hall. They seem interested. O Lord bless the work!

Sept. 12. (Sunday) At 9 drove to N. A. to Stevens Hall. A few came before 10, when the service began. The singing and responses were all hearty and people seemed interested and in earnest. 82 present. Collection $22.50. Asked them to meet at Mr. Cunningham's for singing Saturday evening at 7.30. Got back to S. School at Lawrence. Taught class of girls. Assisted Billie in service at 7.

Sept. 13. . . . After dinner attended funeral. Took car for North Andover, called on D., called on C., who asked me to come again and often, then on C., a character. Gold beads around her neck. Gibbon's Rome in bookcase. Much interested in service. . . . Was too aristocratic—intelligent. Good stand-

bys. Then saw Mrs. M. who seemed interested but her husband, she said, if I talked with him she would have to leave the room.

Sept. 14. Poor E. came in and told me of his sorrow. I wish I could say and do more. Walked about many and strange streets calling and hunting up people for Billie.

Sept. 15. . . . Had quite a talk with one of the workmen, a young, aimless sort of a man. Walked 3 hours about the town looking up people for Billie.

Sept. 18. . . . Went to N. A. They read me a foolish account of our first services in Essex Eagle, saying it was aristocratic, etc.

Sept. 19 (Sunday) We had a hearty pleasant service at 10, I preaching on Wages of Sin and the Gift of God. 99 present. Collection about $19. Am greatly encouraged. Be Thou my strength and light, O Lord. Came back to L. where I taught a class of 13 boys.

Sept. 20. . . . Interest in the service grows.

Sept. 23. . . . Interest seems growing. God help me.

Sept. 24. . . . Walked to No. Andover. . . . Called on Ury, an old blacksmith and noted sceptic, very sick with dropsy and likely to die soon. He much troubled. I talked and prayed. He said what a great thing is religion. Said I might call again.

Sept. 26. (Sunday) Drove at 9.10 to Stevens Hall, North Andover. Some more even were there. Men and boys, too. . . . In the evening preached on "Keeping back the price." I felt like preaching. Yet it is but sowing, Oh, Lord, give increase!

Oct. 3. Sunday. . . . Good congregation . . .

better still. Not all the same men. Some disappointments, some surprises. . . . Then drove to Lawrence and got to Grace Church to assist in the Communion. Sunday School at 3, where I had a most troublesome class of 14 boys.

Oct. 6. Walked to No. A. . . . Oh, Lord my Master, bless to thyself my labors.

Oct. 9. . . . A hard day's work tomorrow. I feel like a soldier before battle. Lord, the cause is thine. Give me grace for quiet, self-possessed work.

Oct. 10. (Sunday) Drove at 8.30 to N. A. for Sunday School at 9. 37 turned out, 22 scholars, 3 teachers and several older men. I drilled them in singing and the Prayer Book. Billie came over to preach and administer the Communion. I preached at Grace Church "Who among you feareth the Lord." Got through all right but did not succeed in winning the attention I want. Opened S. S. Then held service at St. John's. Came home..then read service and preached at St. John's, "Jesus the witness of God." Surpliced choir, processional. Singing splendid and hearty. . . . No fatigue except the excitement.

Oct. 16. . . . Saw old Ury who wants to hear something about Christ.

Oct. 17. (Sunday) Drove over to Stevens Hall. Full attendance. My sermon "What doth the Lord Require," did not seem to take. I could not make them take it.

Oct. 19. . . . Went to No. Andover. Called on ———, who talks very freely but has little religion in him. Was cutting and stringing apples, the family sitting around. C——— said the men in the shop

wanted him to go to service in his working day clothes. Then he asked me what difference it would make in the attendance if I should preach in a flannel shirt. How shall I avoid a dressed-up Christianity, and meet such difficulties.

Oct. 21. . . . Went to see Ury. He is quite low and wretched. Wants me with him when he dies.

Oct. 24. (Sunday) Drove to North Andover at 8.30. Began with Bible class. Very good congregation. Preached earnestly; whole service seemed earnest. Collection $25. Back to my Bible class at Grace. . . . Preached at Grace, "Behold I have given him a witness." It was hard work. But Billie said it was one of my best. It seemed as though I knew nothing more of what I was saying than each sentence, and as if people were not fixed. I need faith, the living force of faith, in preaching.

Oct. 25. . . . At 4 went to North Andover. ——— said he would be confirmed when he became convinced. What a responsibility. There are so many like him. Lord, guide me to do Thy work.

Nov. 7. (Sunday) . . . My work grows. May strength proportionate, oh Lord, be mine. Many out. . . . Got to Grace in time for the Com. . . . I preached in the evening,—"Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord." Billie said the subject was badly connected.

Nov. 10. No. Andover. . . . All are so kind. May I do Thy work, oh my Master.

Nov. 12. . . . I read the service and made a few remarks, starting off well but coming soon to short stop. Oh, I feel so badly not to have made more of

the occasion, to have let my self-consciousness run away with me. Lord Jesus, forgive me and give a speech that my adversaries may not be able to resist. Give me to be as Thy Deacon Stephen, full of faith, full of love absorbing to Thee.

Nov. 13. . . . Went to N. A. . . . I see rocks ahead, which require policy and wisdom. . . . Give me, O Lord, wisdom and sound discretion.

Nov. 14. Sunday. . . . Walked to the Hall, had S. S. . . . Bible class. Baptism. We had a very full attendance, earnest and pleasant service. How I do enjoy the service there. May Thy spirit bless them, O Lord.

Nov. 15. . . . Went to North A. . . . Then went to a full meeting of the Farmers Club to which I have been elected a member. Subj. of discussion, Education.

Nov. 16. . . . Went to the Davises for the weekly singing. There were 50 there. God help me in the work. . . . Young and old, rich and poor were there.

Nov. 20. . . . It requires great wisdom to be all things to all men and loyal above all to Christ.

Nov. 21. . . . Sunday. God give me strength and wisdom. Preached on church attendance. They seemed attentive. Oh Lord, give me power, understanding, and grace. Male and young element large.

Dec. 14. . . . Called on Mrs. N. Said they had been considering why I paid no parish calls. Must go the rounds, I suppose. God give me grace in this routine work to do Thy work.

Dec. 17. . . . Asked to preach at St. James, Phila., with view to assistantship. Fear that duties

at No. A. conflict, else I should like it. Lord, guide me.

Dec. 19. (Sunday) . . . Full and hearty service. 113 present. Preached on Behold I stand at the door and knock. Rather heavy and lame.

Dec. 20. . . . Father, I think, wants me to go to Phila. How hard to know what to do. Lord, guide me by Thy light.

Dec. 24. Went to No. A. Stopped at the Hall where they were busy about the supper and tree. . . . Went to the hall where found a goodly crowd. At 7.30 our carols and service. I in surplice; then distribution of presents. Everyone was jolly and happy. Then games with the children and grown people until after 10. A great and happy success. To crown all received from my affectionate parishioners a handsome inkstand and pen, very touching. I thank Thee, oh Lord. May I labor alone for Thee. Bless this mission to Thy Glory.

Dec. 25. . . . I held service, very hearty, preached sermon on Emmanuel, which I felt. I praise Thee for Thy blessings, so different from last year's!

Dec. 31. . . . Conducted service in the chapel, and spoke on "So teach us to number our days." Ideas do not flow powerfully. I cannot forget myself and be absorbed in my subject. Lord, teach me by Thy spirit. Another year is now gone. The Grace, etc.

This was the way in which Amory carried on his work at North Andover. It was his first work, and he took it up as these glimpses at his Journal show in a spirit of loving service for the Master. This spirit went with him through all his work. He never

forgot that he was working for Christ. There seems to have been always on his lips a prayer that he might glorify his Master. In and out among his people of the Mission he went incessantly. He had a great way of dropping in. He was a constant caller. He delighted the aunts of Phillips Brooks by running in frequently to see them. There was more work in the town than in the old village and while not neglecting the old village Amory bent his energies in the development of the town work. Here the people were, and into their homes he went. The tea he drank, the pies he ate, the suppers he sat down at would total an enormous aggregate. It was marvellous what he could do. More remarkable still was the way he had developed in strength. The delicate health of his younger years had given way to a strength and toughness which would be wonderful in anybody.

The Rector of St. James, Philadelphia wanted him and urged him strongly to become his assistant. It was a tempting offer and considerable pressure was brought upon the young minister. But Amory felt that he could not go. He wrote the following letter:

LAWRENCE, January 31st, 1881.

Rev. and dear Sir: I most deeply appreciate the honor shown to me by the Vestry of S. James' and also your kindness in wishing to associate me with yourself in your work.

And yet, after most careful and thoughtful consideration, I have decided, with sincere regret, that it is not in my power, considering my present circumstances, to accept the call to become the Rector's assistant of S. James' Church.

My reasons for this decision are: my relations with Mr. Lawrence, which are of such a nature as to render it very undesirable, to say the least, to interrupt him in his winter's work.

Then, too, the far more important reason is, that I cannot, in its present condition, break off the work in the Mission which I have under my charge, for there is no one to take my place in that field, and I should be shirking my duty, if I gave it up now.

A few more months of continued labor are still needed there.

Certainly, the inducements of the social feature of Philadelphia, as well as the great opportunities for extended work there, are very attractive, but the more that I consider the proposed place, the more plainly do I recognize it to be my duty to decline the call, which has been so kindly extended to me, and to continue for the present where I am now settled.

With renewed thanks for your kindness and for the favor shown me by the Vestry,

I remain, with respect,

Most faithfully yours,

A. H. Amory.

So he stayed on at North Andover where his duty told him he should stay. His work was not done there. More and more he became the people's shepherd, getting into their homes, discussing with them, praying with them in temptation, consoling them in afflictions and advising in trouble, helping them in want and adversity. No one knows how much he did. The old blacksmith, the village infidel, could not die without him, and Amory brought him into fellow-

ship with Christ. They all loved him. They liked him, as one old lady said: "because he was so common." With his work in North Andover, he did also his share of the parish work in Lawrence. He was a great walker. He could cover the country easily. He would walk from Lawrence to the village and all over his mission field. He liked it. The country and the people delighted him.

LAWRENCE, June 8, 1881.

My dear Atwood:

Is it really so long since I received your pleasant letter from Dresden of Nov. 30th? The time has passed so quickly with me that I scarcely realize that I have been here nine months. I feel much more at home here, and also much more ease and freedom in my work. For I have now a certain stock of experience upon which to draw. The field here is very desirable for training a man. There are problems of all kinds to solve. Of course there are discouragements; but still it is a comfort to work amongst men and women who have needs, which, like true physicians, it is one's privilege and calling to satisfy. My Mission in the neighboring town of North Andover is flourishing quietly. We have raised money to build a small and pretty chapel, and I trust that by the autumn it may be completed. It does often seem as if men were not very receptive; but one must plant in faith. Sermon writing so as to instruct and move people, is, of course, a task hard to accomplish. But I feel that one can learn only by experience. I am to be ordained in Lawrence on Sunday.

Next week is the commencement of the School, and I hope to be there. You will find great improvement in the grounds, from the new buildings. Addison probably keeps you informed about Cambridge gossip, and wrote about the Greek Play, which was such a treat. My reading does not progress very fast, I regret to say. One service and one short address a week, with innumerable calls as assistant, and in my own Parish, absorb a great deal of time. Still I do read some. Muller on Sin is the solid work I have now on hand, Mulford's Republic of God, about which Allen is very enthusiastic, lies on my table. The Scotch sermons I have also here; and so manage to keep up somewhat with the times. You must have enjoyed your trip. Don't you find that travelling tends to settle the mind, and to bring out into prominence the great fundamentals? I work my way along through theol. problems, ever learning and sometimes reaching and grasping the great truths, which become all the more precious. I wish you good success for the remainder of your travels. Hoping soon to see you again I am very sincerely yours,

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

He was ordained to the Priesthood in Grace Church, Lawrence, on June 12, 1881 and as a Priest could be in a much closer sense the Pastor of the Parish.

One of the objects at which he aimed in his work at the mission was a church. The worship was being held in a hall. He was not contented with that. The mice would run about his feet as he preached. There must be a suitable church building. Just

where this building should be was a matter of considerable concern. It was not an easy problem to handle. If it should be built in the old village, the town people would think that it did not belong to them. If it should be put in the town, the Church people of the old centre would feel that it was not theirs. Amory's tact accomplished this. He chose a site which has given satisfaction ever since, and upon it a church, St. Paul's, was erected. It was a beautiful little structure of rural architecture built of field stone. There were few of its kind at the time of its construction. It cost, $10,500. On a beautiful Spring morning in 1882 it was devoted to the worship of God, by those to whom its structure, as sanctifying forever already hallowed ground, was significant,— by Phillips Brooks "whose ancestry was from those fields," by William Lawrence, Rector of Grace Church, Lawrence, and by Augustine Amory, whose untiring zeal, devotion and faith saw the fruition of his daily labors.

On the thirty-first day of May in the following year, 1883, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth T. Snelling at Emmanuel Church in Boston. A pleasant home was found in Lawrence and his pastoral activity went enthusiastically on.

A Letter to His Mother.

Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 15, 1883.

What better thing can I do, my dearest Mother, the first evening in our new home than write to you. From you and Father I learned what a home may be. Where you are will always be home and therefore it

is a connection between the new and the old to write to you. One's life becomes the richer for these changes and additions and you must rejoice that your son has found a life companion who loves him. I shall be more of a son to you for this reason. Do not think because I have these ties I shall be farther away. God knows that the older I grow the more sacred becomes my love to you and Father, and there is nothing I would not do for you. What hopes for the life beyond, that the ties formed here shall still hold there, and that mutual companionship and sympathy will be deepened as we live in the Saviour's presence. Then the shadows flee away!

We have had a busy time preparing for our move, and William and Julia's hospitality have been a great help. We have the two servants, Ellen the cook and the second girl, and our prospects are fairly good. The last thing before evening prayer was to unpack the silver, which is remarkably handsome for Lawrence, and if only we had the unlucky china, we should be too aesthetic to live. Matthew Arnold should be our first guest. But there is much to be done before we are really settled and a large amount of cleaning necessary. I thank you now for your careful training. I am afraid I shall make Lizzie a very particular husband; but she seems prepared. William came in with a dining table they have loaned us until ours arrives, and he was much pleased with our menage. It is really just the arrangement for us and gives us all we need. It is well to begin at the bottom of the ladder, but we have much to learn. You must come soon to see us. I think we can manage it somehow. William's "calls" make me feel uneasy.

Should he go the bottom of our barrel will fall out and I do not know what we shall do. But that is none of our concern. "Dieu dispose."

Do you recognize the paper? I bought it when I was in Paris, 1872, in the days of my prodigal youth. You did give me a luxurious training, now I must taste the experience of limited income. We expect to be down on Wednesday, not Tuesday evening, and right back, for that evening I have an engagement here. Please give Father very much love. God bless you most rightly.

Your ever affectionate and devoted son,

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

It was always amazing to his friends and a matter of wonder to all who knew him how Mr. Amory could work as he did. His name must go down among men as the untiring worker. It was his faithfulness that did it, his faithfulness to his ideal, his calling, his Christ. He could not think of idleness. When he was in the Vineyard he was on duty all the time. His force was tremendous. While he was fathering the parish activities of North Andover, molding the parish plans, doing the ceaseless pastoral work that the beginning of a new work demands, he was also working in the parish at Lawrence of which he was curate. This was giving him other interests. The work of a small country parish is one thing, that of a city parish is quite another. The problems are not the same. The one is provincial, narrow, cramped. The people are sensitive to a superlative degree, and easily offended. In a large parish the conditions are different. The parish does not stand or fall with a few.

In the two kinds of work Amory was thus receiving a wide and comprehensive training. In Lawrence he was following out the lines of a city parish. A certain share of the week he put into city work. While the work in North Andover was receiving his closest attention he was becoming familiar with the streets and people of Lawrence and earning a warm place for himself in the hearts of the parishioners of his future parish: for such Grace Church was to be.

CHAPTER V.

When the Rev. William Lawrence was called to be Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, the people of Grace Church naturally turned toward Augustine Amory as his successor.

He was elected the same day on which Lawrence's resignation took effect. There was no reason for his not accepting the call when it was extended. In fact there was every reason why he should. The work was large and exacting, but he was older and stronger, and was showing great powers. He knew the parish and city. A church had been built at North Andover, and the parish there was growing stronger every day. Plainly God, through the vision of work, called him to Lawrence. The parish asked him to become their Rector and he accepted the invitation. A letter to his father gives the details:

LAWRENCE, MASS., Dec. 30, 1883.

My dear Father:—

I have to-night mailed the two letters which, by God's providence, lay out my work for the present, acceptance of rectorship of Grace Church Parish, and resignation of North Andover. It is a great change for me and adds much responsibility and a larger range of duties. But I am perfectly satisfied, knowing that it is a plain matter of duty and feeling that the work is most congenial and most in accord-

ance with my ideal. The only feeling that is contrary is that of unfitness for the position, for I am painfully conscious of what I lack. Still by God's grace I shall do my part, and hope to grow into the position and to do extended work for the Master in this important field. I have met with great kindness and cordial sympathy and have as fair a send-off as anyone should need. Lawrence, then, is to be my home. I imagine that with my salary and income combined I shall have a living income for comfort if not for luxury. You may be interested in reading my formal letters and I give a copy "To the Wardens and Executive Committee of S. Paul's Mission, North Andover:

"*Gentlemen:*—

Having received a call from Grace Church, Lawrence, to succeed Mr. Lawrence as its Rector, I have carefully and earnestly considered the matter and have by the same mail accepted the call. I hereby present to the Mission of S. Paul's my resignation as minister in charge to take effect from January 1st, 1884. The offer made by Grace Church Parish included an appropriation of four hundred dollars for an assistant who shall also discharge the duties of minister in charge at North Andover and I accept such responsibilities as have hitherto been assumed by Mr. Lawrence. It is with the deepest regret that I sever my connection with the Mission and yet with the greatest hopefulness for its future growth and work for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom."

The letter of acceptance to the Wardens and Vestry of Grace Church, Lawrence, reads as follows:—

"Gentlemen:—

Having been advised by your Committee of the call extended to me by the Parish to become its Rector, I have considered the matter carefully and earnestly. I feel the responsibility of the position, and the honor you have shown me by your choice, and I accept the call to enter upon the duties of the work on the first of January and to assume such responsibilities regarding S. Paul's Mission, North Andover, as have hithereto existed, with similar arrangements apportioning the work of an assistant between the Mission and the Parish.

It is no light matter to succeed so faithful and popular a Rector as you have had, but, with God's help, I will discharge my duties and labor for the welfare of the Parish as faithfully as possible."

There you have the entire performance of the deed and I pray that God's blessing may attend my work here for the good of the Parish. I have had a busy day preaching in North Andover this morning and in Lawrence this evening, the same service I gave in Longwood. I had no time to prepare anything else.

I shall expect to come down to the dinner next Wednesday.

With love to yourself and Mother,

Ever your affectionate son,

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

January 1, 1884 marks the beginning, then, of his great ministry in Lawrence as Rector of Grace Church. It was Amory's life work. For eighteen years he was to be the Pastor and Priest. There began at this time a ministry which is unsurpassed for energy,

for conscientiousness, for devotion and consecration. The same note sounds throughout those eighteen years: his faithfulness to his work. All through his young life he had seen before him the Vision of the Ministry. It had been his ideal,—that one day he should lead in the worship of God in one of God's churches; that he should draw for men the face of Jesus; that he should make men and women love the Kingdom. When he reached the Ministry he tried to be constant to his ideal, to make his ministry what he thought it should be. He never criticised the work of other men. It was his own ministry, as a minister of the Gospel—a priest of the Church, for which he was responsible. That ministry he took up in its fullest force, with all his constantly increasing energy, when he became Rector of Grace Church, Lawrence. This parish was an important work and bore an honored name. It was founded in 1846 and its church was the first house of worship in the new manufacturing city. Churchmen under the Rev. George Packard were the first to hold formal religious services in Lawrence. The Church entered upon her work when industry started its wheels. Thus Grace Church became one of the centres of Lawrence. It grew up with the city. The parish grew into the traditions of the town. Its first Rector was Superintendent of Schools, a doctor as well as a clergyman, and in a Rectorship of thirty years brought the Church into close touch with the people. He was succeeded in the work by his Curate, the Rev. William Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence was in turn succeeded by his Curate. Thus Amory was maintaining an unbroken succession and taking up a work of unusual

character and importance. The parish was strong, the work tremendous and growing. Great numbers of English people with their Church of England breeding gave the parish a strength which without them it could not have had. An increasing number of American families gave it a balance which without them it would have lacked. A fine unity thus prevailed, and the young Rector had a clear field for his work of energetic faithfulness. His first sermon delivered on the Feast of the Epiphany dwelt on that substance which was one of his superb qualities, Faith. Its subject was "The Invisible Army of God," its suggestions coming from the vision which the young man saw whose eyes God had opened at the prayer of Elisha. "The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire."

"It is this which makes faith so absolutely indispensable to a nation, a church, or a man standing alone, facing all the hosts of difficulties, thwarting obstacles, stationed with opposing forces none would have courage to withstand. But when righteousness or God in His eternal force is standing behind the nation, moving the Church to new energy, encouraging the man to dare great ventures; when the armies of the living God are encamped against the enemy; then comes courage and a new confidence. A man may boldly undertake the work of reform and make efforts for good government, since he knows that righteousness is no losing game, but a part of God's purposes in the World's government. He is working with the stream of the tendency towards righteousness; about him are favoring circumstances; the final accomplishment is sure; the only element is time and

with that he has nothing to do. While his day lasts he will work nobly and faithfully. This is God's world with all its beauty and order; and everywhere we may see His armies and His workmen, marshalled in array to carry out His purposes. With such a faith as this we feel that we are parts of a great whole, workmen in a great working universe. . . . Many a man stands as he thinks alone, with his temptation and his trial. He goes out some morning into the world and there stand the old enemies. There is the same strain upon his principle, the old temptations assaulting and threatening his manhood. But faith opens his eyes. He sees he is not alone. Many a true hearted man is near. Many a true and high influence is keeping him from sin. . . . From the standpoint of our Parish as we undergo changes and enter upon new relations we feel the need for stronger faith. . . . In a city like ours where the problems of life are so real, where good and bad stand so openly opposed, the work of a strong and active parish church is plainly marked out. To train up through the Sunday school a new band of young people to enter into active work and to make a fresh power for righteousness and religion felt in every part of business, social and religious life, is a noble work. . . . Moreover, it is her privilege in these days of restlessness and commotion as a representative of the historical Church of the ages, to preserve, maintain, and enforce the simple truths of historical Christianity as this Church hath received the same, and to carry on the worship of Almighty God in accordance with the principles of her Constitution and Prayer Book. Not in solitude is such a mighty work carried on, not

in loneliness, but the very presence and power of God with all the armies of heaven and every spiritual and holy influence is upholding, defending and helping. With a full sense of the responsibilities and greatness of the work, I stand before you,my friends, in a new relation this morning. But we must all face this great work with the eyes of faith fully opened, with humility seeing our own condition; but with great courage and high daring when we see the help awaiting us and the strength of God's forces upon which we rely. I have come among you determined by God's help to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified; to work in his Spirit; to follow his example—striving to bring all men into the full knowledge of Him."

Throughout his ministry he was true to the spirit of that sermon. His faith was unbounded. God was a vivid personal reality to him. Christ was an ever present companion. Such truths as these, from his own inner experience, he gave his people. They rallied around him quickly, and under his leadership the work went on.

Lawrence is not far from Boston, so that Augustine was within easy reach of and communication with his mother and father and brothers to whom he was deeply devoted. His family sense was strong. As often as he could he would run into Boston to see his parents. He would write frequently to his mother, whom he idolized.

LAWRENCE, MASS., January 16, 1884.

My dear Mother:—

Your parcel came safely last night and we are very grateful for its contents. Lizzie sends love and her thanks for the mince pie. We enjoyed the company of Mr. & Mrs. Snelling yesterday. I only wished that my Father and Mother could also come to pass the night. Matters move on quietly here. I keep much on the go and have a constant series of Parish calls to make. I am reading with much delight the Life of Lord Lyndhurst and am glad to learn so much about Grandmother's home and early life. What good letters he wrote and how strong and spirited his style. I quite desire to copy it. The opening of the life is excellent, with its introduction of the "Boy and the Squirrel." It all comes in curious contrast with my ordinary theological reading and quite suggests another line of thought. I can easily see how some are fascinated with family tradition. In some ways it tends to selfishness, in other ways it rouses and stimulates ambition. The Copley family affection is quite strong and a beautiful trait. That I think we all inherit, and it is a beautiful inheritance. Loyalty is one of the gifts of inheritance.

Lizzie is better today, but does not yet get out with much freedom. My pen runs along so fast that but half my letters take their proper form. But the bells have struck 11 and I have more writing, so that I cannot now improve.

Much love to Father.

Your loving, dutiful and affectionate son,

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

LAWRENCE, MASS., February 20, 1884.

My dear Mother:—

Last evening I read to Lizzie some of my letters from Egypt, and was carried back thirteen years of my life to those delightful travels. It is strange to think that one is the same individual. What a debt of gratitude I owe to the Sullivans for taking me and to you and Father for supplying the means for letting me enjoy it so thoroughly. The education is worth everything and its value cannot be realized. But what a queer sort of fellow I was! Four years in college were necessary for making more of a man of me. But through it all a Hand of Love has ever guided me, and I only hope that my life may be a useful one. I often wonder at myself in this position of responsibility, as Rector of so large a Parish; and speculate curiously as to what I shall be when another thirteen years have passed.

We have had a Parish Sociable this evening, which has been universally voted a great success. A free supper of coffee, meat, bread and cake. Then music, singing, recitation and choruses, &c. From 200-250 were there, and I enjoyed it much. Lizzie begins to feel more at home with the people and was introduced about quite generally. My next plan is to entertain my Bible Class at home and give them coffee and ice cream and try to make it pleasant. That is for Shrove Tuesday. What a variety work one's Parochial experiences are! The tendency is towards dissipation. Lizzie sends her love and hopes that you are better. Her visits to Boston seem to do her good.

What a pleasure to see the sun again and to have some clear atmosphere. The wind here has been very

bad, and this morning I made a call in the rain and thought that the floods were descending. I do not know when we shall see Cousin Eliza and suppose she may get to you for Friday. I hope your attempts to revive childhood scenes and days, with your old fashioned friends, will be successful. You ought all to put on some of your old dresses, with sleeves puffed on the elbows, and curls on the side of your cheeks, so as to complete the illusion. With your color and black hair you would pass for much less than you really are. This all is supposing you are no longer in bed, and I hope you have revived.

With much love to Father,

Your ever loving son,

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

In June of his first year in Lawrence his father, James Sullivan Amory, died. He wrote to his mother at that time.

LAWRENCE, MASS., June 13, 1884.

My own dear Mother:—

You have been in our thoughts and prayers since we left Boston, and I am glad that probably a sunny sky will greet you at the Craigs. There will be many things to occupy your mind. It is hard to begin again, but I find the greatest help in the little things that have to be done, and we know how dear Father would have us act.

What a blessing he has left us all, and his character is the best inheritance that he could give his sons. Though we mourn so deeply, yet there is hopefulness in our sorrow. His memory is a healthy inspiration

to us in our life's work; and we know that there is one more waiting in that great Home.

It seems as though each of us boys were following out in our own work the interests that father always had, in business, in the Church, and in medicine. For his interests were so large and many-sided, that he inspired us to take up to the work which he could not do always himself.

May the dear Lord comfort and help you, and give you that peace which passeth all understanding. Lizzie sends her best love.

Your loving son,
AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

LAWRENCE, MASS., December 21st, 1884.

My dearest Mother:

I am reminded of how extravagant I used to be, by this paper which I have brought to light. I will use it up, now, in the family; though I have outgrown monograms. A small lot of black monograms are all I have left. We have been looking over some of my old things, and I found some letters written to me, when you were abroad in 1860. How short, and yet how long ago that seems. I have vivid recollection of things which happened then, but I seem quite a different man now. How did you survive the cold? We managed pretty well, though the house was none too warm. I am going to have a few double windows. The hangings are up now, and make the house very pretty and attractive. What a change in weather! We should have India rubber constitutions. We are making all our preparations for Christmas, and shall be quite busy in the Parish these next three days.

One of the pleasures in dwelling upon old times is the memory of the true and strong love that made the after life so much richer. What do I owe to the dear old home which has helped me so much in my after life, and your tender, faithful love and devotion. It seems as if it had always been love that had followed me. But what strength and comfort comes in this; for I believe such love is undying, and sometime we shall be brought into close and unbroken relations again, in the Home in the heavens,—of which every home of love here is but a pledge and promise —with all those dear ones who are a part of ourselves.

It is late this Sunday evening and I have had a very busy day, so I must close.

May God bless you, dearest Mother, with His fullest and richest blessings, and may the Saviour ever be near you, prays your loving son,

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

Amory was just the man for the work in Lawrence. He seems to have known intuitively what to do. His judgment was keen. He was not easily stampeded by the rush of work and its bewildering amount. He saw at the start that the general methods of his predecessors and those which he had himself put into practice in his mission were the best methods of parish work in his parish. It was a field in which constant calling was necessary, and for this Amory broke all the records. He was famous for his parish calling. Twice a year even though the parish grew larger and larger, and families multiplied, twice a year he visited each family. This he did up to the very year he left Lawrence, when the parish was

enormous. He never quite knew how he did it, he said, but he did it. It was not the record he was after, of course. He loved the people and he believed that it was only by constant circulation among the people that he could bind them together in the Church. He made them feel that they were his and he was theirs. This parish calling of his did not include the innumerable sick calls which the Rector had to make. If a parishioner was very sick he called every day. He was gentle, and tender, and thoughtful. He never forgot the aged and those who could not for some infirmity get out of doors. Everybody had a place in his mind and thought. It was only to be expected that giving himself as he did to his work the people should in their turn come to him. Such of his diaries as are available show him in his work better than anything else. They all breathe of the man's deep consecration, his absolute loyalty to the grand Vision, his strong faith. On the front page of his diaries he wrote his little mottoes: "Christo et Ecclesiae," "Confido in Deo," "Tu ne cede malis." Scattered throughout are his many prayers for his work. They show him as he was. Here are some notes from his diary of 1885, his second year as Rector of Grace Church.

Jan. 1. May the new year bring peace, strength, faith and holiness from God our Father, through Christ our Lord by the working of the Eternal spirit. Takes much time to keep things in order and perhaps I am too particular but it clears the way for work.

Jan. 11. Sunday.—Wish for more earnestness in fuller attendance. May be some personal pride in this feeling. Lord help me to do thy work. Bless me and give me a right spirit in all things.

Jan. 18. Sunday.—God quicken my parish.

Jan. 25. Sunday.—God bless me in my work and help me to better usefulness.

Sat. Jan. 31. . . . O God, Sanctify me wholly and enable me to serve to the honor of thy great name.

Feb. 18. (Ash Wednesday). Small congregation. Need revival! Stir up our wills, O God.

Feb. 22.—What an inspiration to one our Sunday School is. God bless it and the whole parish.

Mar. 1. (Sunday.)—Not satisfied with my sermon. Too full of illustrations, etc. O, to do better work in life without so many mistakes and faults. Master, help me and deal quietly, graciously with me.

Mar. 6. . . . Service at 7.30. Large attendance. Third of my talks on Last year of our Lord's Ministry. God teach me to speak and to tell the simple Gospel story of Christ's life.

Mar. 14. . . . Went to see Mrs. Shove who is dying. A sad household. She recognized me. I made a short prayer. How helpless one feels then, save that One is more surely with us then, as one comes near the unseen. God give me thy eternal and gracious blessing and further thy work in my charge.

Mar. 26. . . . God bless the parish spiritually and financially.

Mar. 27. . . . God bless most deeply my parish and my work.

Apr. 3. (Good Friday.) . . . Evening service and sermon at 7.30. A fair congregation but not all I would see. It troubles me, for does not people's observance of such a day show the power of their faith?

God guide me to show forth thy truth in my time to all people.

Apr. 5. (Easter.) . . . Comes with new meaning more wondrous than ever before. . . . At 7.30 the choral service. Church full. They sang Jairus' Daughter—long—otherwise music was very good. Still it is not my ideal of a service. Spoke a few words. Am tired, still it is the day of days, and full of the best enjoyment. May I ever declare Thee the Risen Christ, by life and by teaching, O my Master!

Apr. 6. . . . God bless most richly in all spiritual growth and power for usefulness the parish that it may truly set forth in teaching and in living the Gospel of thy blessed Son Jesus.

Apr. 29. . . . Read Barclay's Apology, an enlightening book. In evening, meeting of Girl's Friendly, and Young Men's Guild. Supper, games, and I sang two songs. Questionable how wise. Still if I have the power and use it in subordination why not right? God bless my endeavors for the moral and spiritual growth of the Parish.

May 24. (Whitsunday.) . . . My sermon heavy. . . . I was somewhat tired perhaps. Lord, may thy spirit come upon me and bless my work to thy glory and men's salvation. Great satisfaction having mother here. A year ago Father rec'd his last communion on earth here.

June 22. . . . Went out in canoe with ——, one of my young men, a fine Christian young man. He paddled up the river and we sailed down. Enjoyed it greatly. . . . May I bring all, oh Master, to thee and the true manliness that thou givest.

July 10. . . . My 33rd birthday, an age also

with most sacred associations to me. Make me more worthy thy service, oh my Master, and more faithful in my labors for thy Church on earth.

Aug. 11. . . . Read in Wilberforce's life, which interests me greatly and teaches me much.

Sept. 2. . . . Walked up Kebo for my last view. How grateful I am for the health, exercise, society and pleasure of the month. Now for work for which this rest has provided, I trust, physical and spiritual strength. Lord, be with me and work mightily with me, making my strength perfect in my weakness.

Sept. 3. . . . Great sorrow to leave the happy bright five weeks in the dear mother's home. . . . Laus Deo for the blessings. May the winter's work to His Glory be the result.

Nov. 5. . . . Went to Boston at 11. I went to a clerical luncheon given by P. Brooks to Archdeacon Farrar at the Brunswick. 130-140 men there and a very pleasant occasion. Brooks most happily introduced Farrar, who spoke very well, urging on clergy of America courage, freedom and progress, as methods of action. Much pleased with him. So pleasant and kindly a manner. The Bishop also spoke remarkably well. A thing never to be forgotten . . . Came in town to hear Farrar lecture on Browning. A rare treat, kindling my warming enthusiasm. A crowded meeting in Tremont Temple—all literary culture of Boston to hear him. Secret of Browning's religious faith: the Incarnation.

Nov. 8. . . . Small congregation. Rather depressing. God, let me not think of numbers but bless my work richly to thy glory in saving souls.

Dec. 1. . . . Meeting of Church Temperance

Society in Chapel at 8. Great success, nearly 30 there. Good talk and much enthusiasm. I took declaration A, Total abstinence, after much thought. Being Pres. and wishing to encourage young men, I thought it wisest.

Dec. 20. . . . God give me grace to preach for thee.

Dec. 27. . . . Drove for morning service at North Andover changing with Parker. Good service. . . . strange to go back five years. Oh Lord, forgive my mistakes and bless me more than in past years.

A Letter to his Sister.

My dear Nora:—

I shall think of you with great interest tomorrow, when you are to take that step, which shall bring you so much strength and comfort all through your life.

It is the beginning of the noble life of a Christian, which you have been living before, but without that same consciousness and sense of consecration, which comes in the personal step of Confirmation.

Take it as the beginning, and then you will not be discouraged if progress seems slow. For we are to increase in faith, advance in goodness, and grow in our Christian character.

As you now show your public choice of Christ, as your Master, & Guide in all things, He will certainly lead you ever higher and higher in His service.

I felt that I must write these few words of sympathy to show my interest. May God bless you.

Lawrence, March 14: 1885.

The life of a parish priest is not eventful in the sense of the possession of spectacular interest for the people. It is crowded with things which the public never see. Particularly so was Augustine Amory's. And yet people observed him with growing admiration and wonder. As the months and years went by, his parish work increased, the yearly baptisms grew larger, the confirmation classes added to their numbers and new societies and clubs within the parish began to appear. His parish work became city work. Covering as it did so much territory, taking him into all the streets of the city, the city began to get hold on him. He found himself working for the city, and the city began to look upon him as belonging to it as well as to his own parish. There was no precinct of Lawrence which did not know him. His tall slim figure walking with great rapidity was familiar to all. Sometimes he would drive, sometimes he would ride his bicycle, in order to make his rounds faster. His heavy, black beard, his thin physique, his black clothes were the source of awe to the young, and his ministrations at frequent funerals caused him to be called "the dead man." Saturday and Sunday as well as the other days found him calling in the houses. He would go round to the back door, walk into the house, say "Hello", so the people said, and rush out the front door. He never stayed long. He could not, as the parish grew, and get into every house. But every call told. It made no difference where he called or upon whom,—he carried with him an influence which impressed itself. Rich and poor looked eagerly forward to his coming. Whether the family lived in the attic or in the basement, in a

humble tenement or in a pretentious house, he entered the dwelling place as a Christian gentleman, and a minister of Christ, and they felt it. He was always refined, and this sense of fineness of character and makeup, the high tone of the man, gentle and courteous as he was, touched everyone. He would drop in frequently at houses here and there at supper time, and he was always a welcome guest at table. Many is the mother who will tell you today how Mr. Amory came in and said "How fine that bread smells, how lovely that cake looks. I guess I shall have to have a cup of tea,"—and then he would sit down with the family and take supper. They never forget those times.

He delighted in going to Boston on Monday mornings. He liked to attend the meetings of the Clergy in the Diocesan House. He was devoted to the Clerical Clubs to which he belonged. But he seldom went to Boston without returning early to make parish calls. His diaries show it. "Returned on the 4.45, made 3 calls. Returned early, made 7 calls, etc." His Boston visits gave him an opportunity for seeing his mother and his brothers—an opportunity which he never failed to improve. They also served as a respite from his trying work. Days and anniversaries meant much to him. Holidays and Holy days all bore some significance which he did not want to lose.

LAWRENCE, MASS., June 8th, 1886.

My dearest good Mother:—

My thoughts are with you today and also my earnest prayers that you have all joy, strength and bless-

ing. It is a most sacred day, and we think of him who has entered into rest and perpetual peace and bliss, in one of those many mansions, where our Saviour waits and prepares for us. May we all with him have our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul in His everlasting Kingdom. I do not often write or speak of these thoughts, but today I must let them out a bit.

I find in an old envelope the inscription on Dr. Stone's tablet—we like to remember him, too, on such a day.

John Seeley Stone, Rector 1852-1866. Born Oct. 7, 1795. Died Jan. 18, 1882.

With best love your faithful son,

Augustine H. Amory.

He was a great letter writer, though he did not write foolishly or carelessly. His letters always meant something. Letter writing helped greatly in his parish work, for he was as pastoral in his letters as in his calls. He wrote in sorrow, he wrote in happiness, and his letters were treasures. Each had some exquisite personal touch; it hardly mattered what the subject was.

"He always seemed", one said, "to reveal himself more deeply through his letters to his friends than even in personal talk with them. I remember a friend of his saying years ago that he had rather have a letter from Augustine Amory than a talk with him, referring, I suppose, to the fact that he opened his heart and wrote more sympathetically and unreservedly than he was able to talk."

When he was away on his summer's rest he would

write constantly to those within his parish, the sick and the aged and the unfortunate. He never forgot them. "One good old soul told me that he wrote to her constantly, which was a delight to her, but she added somewhat selfishly and peremptorily that she was getting old and she could not have him leave her for any more vacations. I am afraid that Amory was so humble and tender that he must have felt that her grievance was a just one."

His people's and his friends' griefs and joys and problems were his, and when he wrote letters to them he wrote in a sincere desire to be of service. He was interested in the personal and spiritual welfare of his friends. He followed young men with his letters, keeping in touch with them. Kindly notes of counsel were written to young and old. When men were in error and he could not see them, he wrote to them; they were his and he wanted to help them.

He took particular delight in writing to his classmates and receiving letters from them. Most of his letters are too personal for publication, but some have been preserved.

To Rev. J. W. Attwood.

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 22, 1886.

My dear Julius:

You understood from what I said this morning how much good your letter did me. No word from a real friend is any intrusion: it would be rather robbing our friends of what we owe them, to withhold it when the loving sympathy and the encouraging word spring from the heart. Sometimes the heart yearns

for sympathy, for sorrows remove one into a certain isolation, that you demand to hear some real word from those who have been so much to us before.

How much sorrow there is in the world? Some times we come to the dark and foggy seasons in life, when we seem shut in by the gloom. But the faith in an everlasting mercy and pity, the experience of the comfort from the everlasting arms, the vision of what God has in store for man, gives the light even in the darkness. It may be only the pale streak suggesting the dawning day, but surely these intuitions come from the spirit of Him who redeems and restores mankind.

Is it not a help to turn to the needs of others, to feel "the need of a world of men for us," when our own burden is heavy?

Let me hear again from you, and not at a too far off time.

LAWRENCE, MASS., Apr. 8th, 1887.

My dearest Mother:—

This Good Friday evening I must write you a word to carry an Easter Greeting. I hope the message of all this Season has brought you peace, strength and hope. If these festivals of sadness and joy so inextricably mingled mean anything to me, it is that, and they seem to lift us up above self and petty trials with that calm and glorious power of our loving God. Such a touching scene occurred in our solemn Good Friday service this morning. A sparrow was flying about in the Church during the service. When I began my sermon, a plain sketch of the story of the crucifixion and the sufferings of the

Master, and their meaning to us, the little bird came quite near me, perched on the nearest pew, plumed himself contentedly, flitted about, and walked on the floor with perfect fearlessness. One could not but think of the Legend of the Crossbill; and then of those words spoken by the Master, that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father. Words when associated with Him who died for us on the cross seemed to have a new meaning and to reveal a marvellous providing and guarding love. We are hoping that the beautiful weather will continue over Sunday. I hope you will have a calm and peaceful Easter, and be able to enjoy the service. We shall not appear at No. 1 with bag and baggage until Wednesday morning. *Possibly* I may surprise you Monday morning for a short time.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

My dear Julius:

I had been looking for your letter, and it confirmed my best judgment, & realized my fears. You have certainly decided most wisely, there was nothing else for you to have done: but I understand keenly the pain it has cost you, for the relations between pastor and people are so intimate that it requires no little effort to sunder them. Yours has been a peaceful and enviable pastorate, and I am sure will give a tone to all your life and work. And wherever you go you will win hearts, and commend the message you are commissioned to declare all your life long. Is it not worth a great deal to be privileged to work in the ministry, in spite of disappointments and difficulties? When we look back to Seminary days, and think of

the intellectual trials we may have had, we can appreciate now that we were tried that we might speak out of our own real experience, the rare, rich and inexhaustible truths of God spoken for man by the Christ.

Is it not a relief to look on our work in its ideal aspect, and to see its possibilities? I was much struck by the little bit of a poem quoted from H. S. Sutton's last published work in the "Spectator" for May 28.

> "Why do I love all mankind?
> 'Tis not because each form
> Is comely, for it is not so:
> Nor is it that each soul is warm
> With any Godlike glow;
> Yet there is no one to whom's not given
> Some little lineament of heaven,
> Some partial symbol, at the least, in sign
> Of what should be, if it is not, within;
> Reminding of the death of sin
> And life of the Divine."

Take that thought with you into the streets & courts of Providence, and you will have the motive and inspiration that cheers the city Rector. Would you learn something of my methods? Dear man, I feel that I ought to be a learner myself, for sometimes the problems of a city Parish stagger me. There is one satisfaction that one is brought face to face with the real facts of life, and work calls one at each corner. You never see the end, but only the opening and beginning; and so we go on trying to drive in the piles, yet having the firm faith that the

finished places are all ready in the Architect's mind, and that He has other workmen busy as well as us.

But how I have run on. I have been interested in a book, the Life of William Henry Channing, nephew of the great Dr. Channing; because though an erratic Unitarian, he has a rich spiritual mind. Such lives, spent in different relations, are always suggestive to me; not I hope because I err on fundamentals, but because they are so human. We shall meet & talk at Commencement next week. I can't bear to think of your leaving the Diocese.

June 8, 1887.

To His Brother Harcourt.

"Yesterday was my 35th birthday, one half of three score years and ten, & half, too, the age of mother, today 70 years old. I must confess to feeling as though life were slipping along, and that I am only beginning to try and do what my ideal is."

"Next Autumn I have great plans for deeper moral and spiritual work in the people themselves: I know you will understand me. Mr. T. calls this a dead city in a religious sense. Certainly the tone is not high morally, & church work needs constant pressure. But we must remember the moral fibre of the people and understand the material."

Working over Church accounts—Scheme for a Coffee House.

"When I contrast my life with yours it seems absorbed in trifling details, which in themselves seem to have little value—But they are part of a whole, which has a great and satisfying aim."

"I do not know what could be better suited to the French than a constitutional monarchy with the show and parade, and yet a regular and centralized power. Now you will be interested again in English affairs, and will side for, or against the government. I imagine your sympathies are for the government, and probably wisely so. But *I* cannot believe Gladstone to be a self-seeker. Mistaken he may be, and possibly having too much sacrificed for expediency, but yet I must still respect him as the "grand old man." I did not think I had the instinct of hero worship, but I find it strong now, and perhaps unconsciously active before. I like a little haze or halo round some men, and do not think it a misguiding desire. We must have some who stand as ideals of ourselves to break the commonplace of monotony. What pleasant memories you will bring home, more attractive because you have had only a few weeks with the contrast of home and business life striking it off into a brief section. Such impressions are more vivid like one bright rare day in a stormy Spring, or those calm, clear days in the Autumn, the more beautiful because we count them off, each as bringing us nearer the end of Winter, and cold, and indoor life. When you are in the National Gallery in London, look for a fine painting by Paul Veronese of St. Helena. She is shown asleep in an arched window. It is one of those pictures I remember there clearly."

"I was thinking of you this afternoon, and of how different our lines of work are, and the interests which absorb us; and yet we have very much more in common than brothers generally have, I am thankful to say, and understand and enjoy each other's work.

As boys we used to have each our half of the rug before the fire, mine to the right and yours to the left; and yet we had the same nursery fire in common. And so I am sure it will be all our life long, each one the richer and better because the other's vocations are so different. I enjoy a variety of friends and like to have my friends very different from myself."

"The years go faster than ever, & before we are ready the new comes upon us. I have had one of my busy Sundays, many things attempted and some little—one trusts—accomplished. How little it seems possible to give these lives, and yet what a privilege to attempt to give, something of a living Christ & a true God."

"I think when real sorrows come we are not afraid to try and be cheerful because it is the necessary effort of the mind to right itself. When the sorrow is trifling, many fear to show it disrespect by an effort after cheerfulness, and thus a morbid state of mind is encouraged. When the deeper parts of our soul are touched and we feel the real pain in existence, then the healthy soul tries to recover itself, and to demand some of that gladness which is its right. I maintain that cheerfulness is a mere farce without a deep religious faith. We bow not grimly to the inevitable, we accept humbly the Great Father's will."

CHAPTER VI.

In the Summer of 1889, with Mrs. Amory, he went abroad. It was the first time since his years in Egypt and the Holy Land. Frequent letters kept him near his parish. He was a good traveller and wrote well of what he saw.

To Mr. James Payne.

Le Mans, France, July 5th, 1889.

My dear Mr. Payne:

We have not yet received any letters, because we have travelled in out of the way places; and so I am in no one's debt for a letter. This evening it occurred to me that it would be pleasant to write to 257 Haverhill St., Lawrence, partly because I want to let you know how we are getting on, and also because this is so ancient and historic a place, that some news from it may not be unwelcome in so new and unhistoric a place as Lawrence. No reflection is intended, because the new place gains in wide streets and absence of smells, while some of the streets here are so narrow and noisome, that one wonders how such robust and healthy people can come out from them, and such fresh and pretty children. We stopped at this ancient city on our way from Rouen and Caen to Tours, to see its monument, including the grand old Cathedral,

and to break a long journey. I wish you could see the Cathedral standing on a height above the town, conspicuous from a long distance, looking very ancient, and uncomplete from having been constructed at different times, and rebuilt. But the choir, or large chancel end, with its wonderful bold flying buttresses and richly ornamented side chapels, built out like so many wings and with its enormous towers, is a grand and noble sight. Even Grace Church, Lawrence, looks small beside it! To-morrow we go to Tours on the Loire to spend a few days and see old churches and chateaux, some of the latter in the neighborhood being the finest of old France. We have just come—from about Caen—from the home of William the Conquerer and saw two fine churches built by himself and his wife Matilda in expiation for their unlawful marriage, I believe, and as their tomb. The churches stand for the people's worship of the God of History, but the ashes of His Servants in History are scattered to the winds, not even the long-preserved thigh bone of William remains. By the bye, I saw the ashes of the heart of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, whose Queen Berengaria lies buried here; there was not enough of them to cover a fifty cent piece. We enjoy the glimpses of French life we catch, for these towns are peculiarly French, and we do not hear a word of English. Mrs. Amory laughs at my expressions and pronunciations, but I get on very well, and am learning French. What with that and studying the guide-book and observing all that is to be seen, I am not idle. We enjoy our travels very much I can assure you, and Mrs. Amory thoroughly enjoys it all and makes a good traveller, indeed was

better on board ship than I. We found ourselves absorbed by the Germans on the steamer, for all the food was German, (exceedingly and wretchedly so), all the stewards spoke German and broken English, and we had a jolly and most agreeable party of Germans at our table. Then we plunged into London at the height of its gayest season, and saw the world on a holiday. The streets, hotels and Park were all full, and intensely alive, so that we had a most agreeable three days there, which will be in great contrast to our next visit in August, when all the West end will be out of town. Yet the contrasts between luxurious wealth and squalid poverty are pathetic and terrible; they seem sandwiched together. In these French towns we see nothing of that; the poor seem thrifty and contented, bright and joyous; indeed the French take life so differently from the English. I have noticed but very little drunkenness, though Cafés are everywhere, and light wines and cider are drunk instead of water. The climate and the temper of the people must be different, and they have no Irish. By the middle of next week, about the 12th, we hope to turn our faces towards Switzerland, and to stay thereabout a month or so. I am conscientiously endeavoring to enjoy myself. We have not had a drop of rain since that rainy day when you so hospitably dined me. Nor have we had any weather that we should call hot at home. The plains of Normandy look somewhat dry, but that is well now, because it gives them good opportunity to bring in their fine harvests of splendid hay, and grain. Imagine the whole country under cultivation for grain, &c., with fine orchards about, and carefully planted and preserved forests;

it shows one the value of thrifty agriculture. The Normandy peasants seem rugged, strong and independent, and the women with their white caps and bonnets work in the fields with the men. They delight in plants, having windows and gardens gay with flowers. Mrs. Amory is well, and wishes me to send her love to your household. I wonder curiously how the Parish gets on, but as I can do nothing more, I feel no anxiety, trusting that all goes well, depend on you for giving me every information, and can assure you I am gathering strength, and mental refreshment, that I may be more useful when we return.

BAYREUTH, BAVARIA, Aug. 6, 1889.

My dear Mr. Payne:—

Your long and very interesting letter makes me ashamed of my last brief postal card. Still that will serve as a link in the chain of our travels, and help you to follow them intelligently on the map. I doubt whether your map will give this city of only 24,000 inhabitants, whose chief interest lies in the fact that it was Wagner's home, and the place where his plays are given under the personal supervision of his wife, and with the inspiration of his home. Mr. Wm. Scott, probably, will be able to tell you all about it, for he must have been here in Wagner's life-time. We came here yesterday, and were sent to lodgings. German lodgings are primitive and amusing, but we are fortunate in ours. True, they are on the ground floor, and we have to guard our three windows with heavy wooden shutters, and by keeping out inquisi-

tive eyes, debar ourselves from the air and light we should like in the night and early morning; but when open we look on a beautiful quiet old Platz with gardens and an ancient fountain, and the royal Palace, where the German Emperor is coming to spend the 16th, 17th and 18th of August, the closing days of the Festival. Our bed arrangements would amuse and bewilder Mrs. Payne, for the sheets and comforter are buttoned together in thoughtful consideration for the tossings of hot nights. But I have grown wise in operating them, while friends are in lodgings where they are *stitched* together. But all this shows us how the people live, and makes their music all the more wonderful. We met with the crowd of all nationalities, kindreds and tongues yesterday at 4 P. M. for "Tristan & Isolde", the wonderful musical drama of love. It was marvellous in representation and acting and music; and I never heard such singing. The character of the music is new and strange to a lover of Italian opera: but its beauty and effectiveness grows upon one, and you feel that the music, the acting, and the words combine to express the idea. The love-duet of the second act is almost sacred in its exquisite beauty and delicate charm. We became completely absorbed; and it was a strange change to come from the silent, dark theatre into the open air and crowded walks, and to scramble for food during the long pause between the acts. There is an hour's intermission between each act, in which everyone goes out and gets food and air; for it would be impossible to get through the hours from four to ten without some change. You may imagine how much we both enjoyed it, and

how much pleasure we have in anticipating the "Meister-singer" tomorrow, and especially the wonderful "Parsifal" on Thursday. This is an off day, in which we take our rest, and walk and drive as we please, seeking our meals in some Hotel, or Restaurant, for in lodgings we live Lawrence fashion, having nothing but coffee and eggs served in our rooms for breakfast. It was curious to have Lawrence brought vividly before us in your pleasant letter, and also in the persons of Charles Saunders and John Merrill, whom we saw at the Festival. They left early this morning, so we saw but little of them. They seemed to be enjoying their travels exceedingly, and were on their way to Switzerland. We have met more friends here than anywhere else, for we have been off the route apparently. We hope to go from here to Nuremberg and pass Sunday in Heidelberg and, after a week in Paris to join the crowd at the Exposition, to cross to England. We enjoy travelling exceedingly. It is such a privilege to see new and old things, and to live over again the life of the past in historic buildings and pictures, and to see wonderful scenery. We have some peculiar experiences, but they add to the interest of travel, and, if trying at the time, are pleasant to talk over afterwards. After my letter to you from Le Mans in France, we spent some days in Tours, in La Touraine, seeing some of the old chateaux, and then went to Geneva. We had fine weather there to see the city, the lake, and Mount Blanc in the distance. Then we went to the valley of the Chamounix to the very foot of Mount Blanc, and saw it in all its grandeur with its mass of snow and glaciers. A de-

lightful carriage journey of a day took us to Martigny in the Rhone valley. We struck off, further up from the valley, to the valley of Zermatt under Monte Rosa, the next highest mountain to Mount Blanc in Switzerland, and there we saw Alpine scenery in all its magnificence, for it is called the "Shrine of the Alps." It is a favorite resort for stalwart English men and women, who are able to walk all day long in heavy shoes up high mountains. I got Mrs. Amory on a mule and took her up a mountain 8,000 feet high and then went on above 2,000 feet higher, and had one of the most sublime views in Switzerland from a peak called the Gorner Grat, in the centre of a vast circle of snow-covered mountains with glaciers descending the frozen rivers. The day was perfect, and the sight was most inspiring. At that great height I found vivid blue gentians growing, the true Alpine flower. The mountain sides are carpeted with flowers of most brilliant hue. The Alpine rhododendron, a dwarf specimen, grows and blossoms luxuriantly with its deep, red flowers, on the edge of the glaciers; while the forget-me-not, the little yellow pansy, and a brilliant pink, grow as high up as any. From there, partly by horse-back and mostly by carriage, we went up the valley of the Rhone to its mysterious home in the huge Rhone glacier. There we struck a storm, and crossed the Furka Pass, 10,000 feet high in a regular snow storm, and came down by part of the St. Gothard to Lucerne. It is a wonderful lake, set down deep, with high mountains encircling it. By the Rigi we went to Zurich and across Lake Constance to Lindau, where we came under German and Bavarian super-

vision and had our luggage examined. Then we passed ten days in Munich where we saw fine pictures and statues, and a splendid royal palace, with marble and frescoed, or, mosaic and tapestried walls, that would have amazed most house furnishers, and most wonderful furniture of inlaid wood and marble, brass and mother-of-pearl. From Munich we came to Nuremberg, where we saw one of the best preserved specimens of a mediaeval city, with an old walled castle, walls and towers surrounding the city, and high pitched tiled roofs, with much curious carving on the towers. The coloring of the city is most picturesque, red tiles on the houses, red sandstone for the buildings, and a curiously colored chocolate brown river, almost red, too, from flowing through sandstone soil. I feel as if all this were an itinerary from the guidebook; but it will keep you posted as to our wanderings.

How stupid of me to forget to give you my address. I had so many last things to attend to that I wonder I did not forget more.

I am very grateful for all the details of news you send to me, and am thankful all goes so well in Lawrence, and that your household keeps well. I hope you will be able to keep all things well until our return, and that Mrs. Payne will be able to walk to church Sept. 29th. Much as I enjoy travelling, and no one could enjoy it more, it will be good to be back at work again in a Parish, and among people, who are so much to me, and to whom I hope to be able to communicate some of the good blessings that have been entrusted to me.

London, August 26, 1889.

My dear Mr. Payne:—

It occurs to me this morning, while waiting for Mrs. Amory and breakfast, that you would like to receive a few words inspired by English associations. We came here Saturday from Paris and the contrast between the two cities is striking and suggestive. We spent nearly ten days in Paris and were rather wearied with all the duties of sightseeing and shopping involved by our visit. But it was interesting to see the city, and also the Exposition, which seemed to me in many ways a great success. The city is crowded, and you touch in its streets almost every nationality, and are surprised at no strange costume, whether Persian, Egyptian, Algerian or Eastern, for the Exposition is rightly called Universal in the way it attracts all foreigners. But for this reason Paris seemed in an unusual state of exhilaration and was almost demoralized, yet very gay and quite fascinating for a short stay, and certainly it is a very handsome city with fine streets, noble squares, beautiful gardens and splendid buildings. Nothing in the world can equal the grand effect of the Louvre buildings with the fine large square they encircle and then the long extent of the Champs Elysees, starting from the Tuileries Gardens, and ending with the fine arch, the memorial of Napoleon Ist's great battles, and short-lived triumphs. But this was to be an English and not a French letter and so I will not describe the Exposition further until we meet. We had rather a rough passage over the Channel, disturbing some people, and reached England in a heavy shower. But the sun soon shone through the clouds and the pas-

tures looked beautifully, so fresh and green. There has been much wet and cool weather so that the country looks very green compared to what it was when we arrived in June, when there had been a long, dry spell.

Yesterday morning I attended service in Westminster Abbey, and enjoyed it exceedingly. It is so rich in color, so crowded with inspiring memories of the past, so rarely beautiful and complete in architecture, that it is a delight to be in the building. The service was choral and well rendered, the people were devout and the sermon was fresh and strong, and it did me good. In the afternoon I went to St. Paul's to hear Canon Liddon, the great high-church theologian of the Church of England, whose masculine and firm grasp on Catholic truth has certainly made him a strong and valuable leader. Though I arrived half an hour before service every available seat was occupied. During service the transepts, under the dome, and the nave as far as one could see were packed and crowds were standing, men and women, and all were devout and earnest. It was a most impressive sight and shows what the Church of England is doing for the people, because rich and poor were served alike. The music was very beautiful. I was in a position where I could not hear it to good effect, but I was near the pulpit, and heard a strong and eloquent sermon from Dr. Liddon which I shall never forget, on the last verse of the Magnificat "remember His mercy which He promised to our forefathers." It was an hour long, but seemed half that time, and I enjoyed it all, though I had to stand two hours and a half. Tell that to Lawrence congregations only they

have unfortunately no Liddon. I then walked back to our hotel on Clifford St., New Bond, and came through the old winding streets which are so interesting. The solidity of London is impressive, and we shall enjoy our week here. The paper this morning tells of strikes of the stevedores in East London, who held a mass-meeting in Hyde Park of 100,000 people; and also gives accounts of the perils of London streets.

What a tremendous concentration of life we are in the midst of, with these 4,000,000 people! We are well, though Mrs. Amory took a bad cold in Paris where, to quote our cabman's words, "We had villainous weather." A month from this date we shall be with you all and shall hope for your well being. I grieve much for the Kennedys, in losing their baby.

With all his constant and incessant parish calling, with no assistance, with an institutional church growing in activity, with his habit of letter writing, Amory found time for study, close and hard study. His was a ready mind quick to grasp ideas, and points of view—receptive—but with a strength not easily moved. One never thinks of him as a student of music; yet he delighted in the old Masters, and found recreation in rehearsing their works. He was skilful on the piano and could play and enjoy the most difficult music. He was fond of chess and played a keen game. There was no one in his parish who could beat him and few in the city. He seldom played apart from vacation because he said it took too much time. One man who prided himself on his ability as a chess player was considerably nettled when Mr. Amory beat him, and never cared to talk about it. But it

was to his books that Amory devoted himself. His library was large and representative. He read everything that was worth reading. The wonder was how he could keep abreast of books. It was by his systematic method. He believed that study was a real part of his ministry, that he owed it to his ideal and to his work to read and think. Some years later when he had a curate to work with him, Amory told the younger minister to be ashamed to be seen on the streets in the morning. The morning was for study; the afternoon was for work; the evening was for work and reading. It is not surprising then to find him appointed Alumni Lecturer at the Episcopal Theological School in 1890. He delivered his lectures under the subject of Pastoral Work. He was peculiarly fitted to teach on such a subject for his parish work had borne unusual fruit. The lectures were enthusiastically received. In regard to them the Professor of the Literature and Interpretation of the Old Testament wrote:

CAMBRIDGE, May 2, 1890.

My dear Mr. Amory:

I have read your letters with much and growing interest from A to Z. The first two reminded me strongly of Geo. Herbert,—the country parson—not for their matter, but their spirit, genuinely religious, without a trace of pietistic sickliness. The conception of the man as priest, and of his functions as such, struck me as remarkably true and worthy of Christianity. Your philosophy of study, and the way it acts on the mind, bears on preaching, is worthy of larger expansion. Indeed, I think there are half a dozen

topics in those two lectures, which worked out more fully in the same line of thought would make excellent chapters in a Treatise on Pastoral care. Why not work them out gradually and quietly for the press of some future day? There are a good many points I might mention; but the main commendation of the whole is that they present a true optimism and idealism. There is in the whole series but one point against which I flatly and ferociously demur, viz, the statement that the ideal choir is the perfect boy and men choir. That to me is as heretical and irrational as it would be to say that the ideal Paradise would be one that had no Eve in it. It is the ideal of the later Jewish people, and it ought to go a little further and allow of none but Levitical singers and players. What singing so effective as that of women's voices, uttering the emotions of women's hearts,—and who but the arch-enemy of mankind would say to them, Go on the stage and celebrate secular themes, but keep out of the church? I am sure, that in her place Miss Parker of Trinity, is as good a preacher, and as effective as Dr. Brooks. So when you make your book, as I propose, if you can't take my view, drop that topic altogether, as too full of danger for any writer or thinker.

The third lecture is full of practical wisdom and gives the best explanation of the term "Rector" I have ever seen. I have often growled at it but am now inclined to hold on to it for dear life as a strong defence against over-strained notions of Episcopal authority. It secures, or rather implies the independence of the parish and its chosen head against Episcopal domination. It clearly says, the parish with

its property and local interest are the affair of the people, and their chosen head, with which the bishop has nothing to do as bishop. The bishop may be pastor pastorum, but he is not rector rectorum. A difficult distinction perhaps, but a wholesome one.

Your ten years of work and experience have borne good fruit in personal growth and development. There have been few years when the almuni lecturer has taken anything like equal hold of the students as he of this year has done.

With thanks for the gratification afforded me by the perusal of the Mss. which I herewith send back, I am,

Yours truly,

P. H. Steenstra.

"He did not give the impression of being a learned man, and yet you always found him ready with a report of the books he had been reading, and these ranged from a re-study of Martensen's Ethics, or the like standard work on theology, to the latest essay or novel. He kept his mind fertilized and the well filled shelves of his library bore witness to it." He was early chosen by the bishop to be one of the examining chaplains, whose duty it is to examine the candidates for Holy Orders.

Amory served long after his ordinary term had expired and from the start commended himself as a thorough and intelligent examiner, abreast of the times, sensitive to the way young men were thinking, a keen and sympathetic teacher. One remembers vividly the depth and shrewdness of his questions, his quiet humor, his kindly smile; you felt that you were in the presence of a humble, gentle and real scholar.

LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER HARCOURT.

Feb. 10, 1891.

We had a helpful quiet day in Cambridge yesterday, and it was very natural. I would like to have you hear some of the men talk. You would be impressed by the naturalness, simplicity and manliness of their personal religious feelings—It does us good to develop this side of the religious life!

Mar. 5, 1891.

We are each thrown into such different sets of people. If I can be doing any good with those I meet I shall be more than thankful for what the work is. But the apparent results are so scanty, and the assistants in the right and highest spirit seem so few. But it is all pioneer work, and that involves isolation and separation, and if one's purposes be consistent, some good must result. I hope I am growing myself and suppose I must gain in some ways. But this is introspective writing, suggested, however, by what contrasted positions in life we each now hold, considering that once we walked side by side.

May 1st, 1891.

You will have seen by the papers that Brooks was elected yesterday by surprisingly generous majorities, removing all thought of suspicion, and all just cause for regret, except what is natural on the part of those who are disappointed. It was an impressive and dignified act on the part of the Diocese of Mass. and grants an honorable welcome to one, whom I am sure a large majority of clergy will rejoice to call "Our Bishop." The exclusive ownership of Trinity Church

must now be exchanged for that of the Church. I went to see him afterwards, and he was in very good spirits, quiet and yet bright, and exceedingly affectionate of all sorts of men, large and small. I am deeply grateful and profoundly hopeful for the future, and take up my work with renewed strength and courage because the Church has been proved generous, wise and comprehensive according to my ideal. I pity those men who are honestly grieved at the result, pity them intellectually and spiritually, with due humility on my part. . . . I write these few lines to catch you with my enthusiasm before you return, and to infect you and G. with a due amount.

June 5th, 1891.

"It makes one draw a long breath of satisfaction to think of the freedom and pleasure in store for you, beginning with tomorrow's start. More than half the benefit of a vacation abroad is that repose of mind which knows that duties self-imposed are not imperative. As a rest such experience is valuable. As a perpetual condition to a right spirited man it would be intolerable—for duties make us more than we are. Were my pocket equal to my ideals I should probably do many things I would like to do, and still be poor!

Bar Harbor, July 25, 1891.

It is a beautiful quiet morning after a short and noisy storm last evening. I am waiting for the family to assemble for breakfast, having just read over a sermon which Mr. Leffingwell has called for, from me, for tomorrow. We have enjoyed so much the

glimpse of the Italian Lakes your letters give. They recall delightful and distinct memories, for I was first there when twelve years old, and can never lose the impression of beauty caught then. The Villa Serbellone was a private place, and I remember seeing a silk worm establishment, and recall lizards I vainly tried to catch. . . . I have been reading the Life of Lawrence Oliphant. Lives are to me almost more interesting than any but the very best of novels. I am trying Balzac's "Modeste Mignon," but don't get on very fast. It is difficult to do anything consecutively and steadily in this place, and that I suppose is the reason we come here.

I am getting tired of keeping house alone. It is ten days since I have seen my family, and I shall go to Bar Harbor for two days this week. Then after one more Sunday here my vacation begins, and I hope to improve it well. Write my book! Can you conceive that possible at Bar Harbor? Then by writing I shall lay myself open to criticism. Job says: "O that mine enemy had written a book." But I don't fear that. I only want to be sure of having enough to say. I shall not lose by waiting for my experience will be the richer. Yesterday afternoon I went to call on Bishop Brooks in North Andover. The morning papers announced that he had received the majority of votes of the Bishops confirming his election, so we are sure of the result. We cannot rejoice enough; and this guarantees the freedom, comprehensiveness, and strength of the Church. I was sorry not to find him at home. Today he preached in the little North Andover Church. It was significant and interesting that his first sermon as acknowledged Bishop should

be in the town of his Puritan ancestors. . . . The other day when I was in Boston I was struck with the gay appearance of the shops and streets. Men were selling flowers all along Tremont St., and the shop windows were as gay and attractive as any in Paris. We Americans have many of the French characteristics, and in Boston it is the veneer on the solid English oak. . . . Tomorrow morning I go to Boston to meet McDuffie to choose a new carpet for the Church. I will spare you more from this bad pen, and Sunday evening's enfeebled brain.

Bar Harbor, Aug. 12, 1891.

Some people down here seem to have money. I think we American people need to learn that abundance of money is not essential to well-being. Our education does not tend to make us feel so. Certainly it is hard to be without much, but it resolves itself into a matter of wants.

Aug. 18, 1801.

I have left A— Jr. and L. sitting on the piazza this damp afternoon, saying I was going to write you about the frivolities of Bar Harbor. One might grow quite like Thackeray unless one kept in mind the real kindness in all sorts of people, which there is much of in the world. The wise man looks from all points of view.

The death of James Russell Lowell calls out many expressions of esteem and regret. The papers call him our first American citizen, but as a citizen he has not been so prominent, except in his writings. The close sympathy between the Old and the New

World is shown by the Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey. William Lawrence and Phillips Brooks were telegraphed for to conduct the funeral.

LAWRENCE, April 11, 1892.

(WRITTEN AFTER HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.)

There is a sad blank in my Monday plans, having no need to go to Boston. But there is a sacredness about this sorrow which makes it precious. Yet what a strange mystery there is in it, which we trust bravely because it is God's mystery hid in His everlasting counsel of love. The Bishop's letter expresses this thought beautifully. I felt I must write to G. She has been so good and sweet through it all. Yesterday's services were trying and fatiguing, yet comforting and strengthening, and I felt the truth of what you said, that they were a help. Once there came rushing over me the memory of the family pew in old days in Brookline, and with it the thought of the perfect worship of so many of that family all together, where it is so real, and the expression of the more perfect life. How very much we have to be thankful for in all this past, and what an inspiration for the future! We must in our turn make a blessed past for others. I think as a family we shall all be bound together the more closely from having kept the home together so much into our maturer lives, when we cherish more deeply old associations.

April 16, 1892.

One word for an Easter greeting. I have such a pressure of small matters to attend to, and such a rush of services, that the physical strain keeps the

mind very absorbed. It will be a sacred day, whose message we must receive, else our hearts would die within us. With it life seems noble, worth all our best energies, and love the fulfilling of our higher nature, not to be mocked and thwarted, but to be broadened out into an everlasting activity of our spiritual life.

Xmas, 1892.

What weather for Christmas! Yet we got on well, and the children had a good time. It is interesting to discover how many sides there are to the Xmas truth, and it is also a great comfort and a help to have the children to keep it for. If only we can do something for ours, as was done for us. What sacred inspiring memories we have. I am glad they are so fresh and dear to you. It trebles their worth to have such a brotherly companionship as ours to keep them alive. What possibilities for such companionship to prove itself all through life, and into the mysterious beyond.

Nov. 22, 1893.

The Chairman of our Republican Committee called on me today and said I ought to secure votes to my election on the School Committee, and wanted to know if I could persuade any ladies to vote for me. I answered that I should do nothing; if people wanted me they must elect me. He said every one was so busy that some ought to be on the lookout, and that "they all did it". I said I was no politician and must leave the matter where it was, and that I could not ask any one to vote for me. Men have to hustle

nowadays for anything. But as I am not the hustling sort, *on such lines,* my grabs must be smaller. I could not do such things and be myself. Perhaps there is more pride than principle about it. I hope it is both, and think so.

Oct. 31, 1801.

There was a happy ring in your note received yesterday, like one would hear when the marriage bell is struck and I am glad that the first jar it receives in the home life so auspiciously begun, is so full of harmony on the Major Key. May it so sound through many blessed years in which every jar shall bring out the sweetest and purest melody that ever sounded from wedded life. I am glad that old staunch revolutionist, Paul Revere, presides at your board, rich with silver and fair linen, because he will suggest some of those august and sterner principles of living, characterizing his days and so much needed in our own. We are all well here though our silver is less brilliant and our linen more worn with time, but we know what home happiness and peace are.

Oct. 10, 1893.

We shall miss much moving into straitened quarters, smaller rooms and confined views in Lawrence, but it is time to go with the best impressions last, as old Dr. Jackson used to recommend getting up from the table hungry. We have been blessed indeed this Summer and carry back a new boy and the other stronger and better. It is time now I was amongst the people.

CHAPTER VII.

The preceding letters are their own best commentary. They throw a bright light upon Amory's character and his mind. It is no small nature behind those letters, but a great heart and soul, a man who lived on the heights of life and thought. A resumption of his diary, that of 1894, shows him again in his parish activity.

Jan. 1. Another year opens with much financial depression, much sickness and many social and religious problems before us. 'Send out Thy Light.'

Jan. 11. . . . Same regular monotony of Parish work. Is it sowing seed? God forgive the fault and negligence.

Jan. 16. . . . In evening called on two workingmen,—one handed me a $5 bill, saying he had gone to my church for some time without paying anything and wanted to give me something for my salary. I told him I would be glad to use it in charity. The working-man is ready to do something for the Church. He wants it to come to him in a personal way.

Jan. 21. . . . Evening service and sermon, "Christ in Literature." Special sermons don't seem to make much difference in people's turning out. Go on—do your work—be patient—brave and consistent.

Jan. 31. . . . Reading book by Reade, "Griffith Gaunt", interesting but too sensational.

Feb. 1. . . . Busy writing and seeing about preparation for the Parish supper which came off in evening. . . . fully 250 must have been present. . . . Some of the so-called élite not present but enough variety.

Feb. 5. . . . I read at Monday Night Club paper on Rights of Suffrages.

Feb. 10. . . . reading A. P. Stanley's charming Life by Prothero.

Feb. 15. . . . Good cottage service at South Lawrence.

Feb. 17. . . . Washington Mills strike most unfortunate. Bad management and suspicion—but in these times any work and employment is better than none.

Mar. 6. . . . God help us to his blessings now and forever.

Mar. 8. . . . Cottage service at South Side.—What a privilege to believe in the glad reunion in the Paradise of God.

Mar. 15. . . . Cottage service.

Mar. 23. (Good Friday) Service at 10.30, at 12.30, again at 3. Made some calls, sick and poor. At 7.30 good evening service. . . . So this sweet sacred day is over. And with it Lent, in which so much more has been learned, so much undone that should have been done. May there be some blessed fruits in my life.

Apr. 29. . . . Preached an old sermon in the evening, very unusual thing.

May 2. . . . Went in at 8.45 for examination for candidates for Priests' Orders.

May 7. . . . To University Club where Clericus was entertained. . . . I read Essay "Lazarus of Today," on Socialism.

May 17. . . . Donald of Trinity wanted me to lunch and to consider his proposal of my going to Trinity as Colleague Associate on the Greene foundation. He urged my coming as being especially qualified by associations and training to help him in large pastoral and preaching work of the Parish. I objected to associative work—my associations at Lawrence and the lack of personality in any co-operative Ministry; but agreed to consider it. A perplexing question opened. Many things attract but duty does not seem to call. God guide me. Agreed to take it into consideration.

May 20. (Sunday) Rains, cold. On such a day the parish does not look as if it wanted me. But it would be the same elsewhere.

May 21. . . . All brothers give advice to go, though they recognize difficulty in acting as Colleague of Donald at Trinity. . . . At Twenty Club read essay on Historic Church.

May 29. . . . Talked with Wm. Lawrence about Trinity—he thought it a wise opportunity but saw clearly my difficulties.

May 31. . . . After most careful thought have declined Dr. Donald's invitation to be his Colleague at Trinity. Not enough regular pastoral preaching, —not enough position for independent administration as in my own parish. Felt relieved to have it settled—disappointed in a way not to work in so

attractive a field. Prepared for the work that lies at my hand here cheerfully.

June 4. . . . Went to Boston and examined from 10-1 two young men, postulants for the Ministry in literary qualifications. They did not know much. . . . Donald said I misunderstood him. He did *not* want my decision but my mind. We walked in town, he opening whole subject again.

June 5. . . . Lunched with Donald—and then he told me that he had decided to bring the matter before the Vestry and to ask them to call me. I said that was the straightest way. If they passed it I would be happy; if they called me, I would consider it conscientiously. I dread it. The opening of it again troubles me, and I feel blue. When I got to Lawrence I wondered whether it would not have been more honest to have told him to let the whole matter drop, when I feel it would be impossible to leave here. Lord show me the way.

June 22. News received with most cordial letter from Donald that yesterday by Trustees of Greene Foundation and Vestry of Trinity Parish I was chosen Assistant on Greene Foundation at salary of $3,000. Hardly know what to say. Feel more inclined than before as it comes so positively it seems a call, and yet it is a doubtful work and mine here seems so clear. I think for me it is time to make a change. Question is this the change now.

June 30. . . . How this Trinity Parish matter oppresses me. The pros and cons are so bewildering because it is a choice of two ways of ministry for my future. . . . writes "infinite possibilities"—"inviting opportunity", if I have control of charities

and all the preaching I need. But associations with Rector might involve serious problem. God guide me, in thy hand be all my future, to thine honor, and the glory and good of thy Church.

July 2. . . . Went to Boston almost feeling I ought to accept Trinity when I met Donald by appointment.

July 6. . . . Wrote to Dr. Donald and Clerk of Trinity Church, Boston, declining call to be Assistant Minister of Trinity Church. I dare not try experiment of divided and competitive pastorate without leadership of a parish. I feel that I have done right but regret exceedingly losing the advantages and keeping my family from where they belong. Our future is in God's hands.

July 8. . . . Touching, the love and loyalty the people show. I would I were more worthy personally of it. . . . To have a letter of glad thanks that I stay, from a working-man, does one good.

Sept. 2. . . . All seem glad to see me back. God bless me in my work here, hard and perplexing though it is.

Sept. 6. . . . Have some good men, but all working-men.

Sept. 9. . . . How one gets into the ruts. Sometimes I think how it would have been in Trinity parish, Boston. But I feel my place is rightly here now, and I put it in God's hands. May He make me fit for my work.

Oct. 2. . . . Reading Overton's History of the Church of England in 19th Century.

Oct. 16. . . . Fine cottage service at South Side, nearly 50 out.

Dec. 5. . . . Trying to read Dorner's Person of Christ, Sabatier's S. Francis.

Dec. 9. . . . God help me to preach Christ's Gospel truly under all conditions.

From a Letter to his Brother Harcourt, Feb 27, 1894.

We had Dr. Putnam from Boston in consultation with Dr. Howard about James. What stern things there are in our lives to meet, and how much harder when those we love are involved. The great Father is behind the inevitable law, but it takes hold of our hearts and lives.

To Rev. J. W. Atwood.

My dear Julius:

So the sad & strange break has come, which we never know the pain of, until the end of dear & sacred associations increases their value a hundred fold. You have the blessing, however, of watching the true ripening of your Mother's life into immortality. We never realize the reality, holiness, nearness and power of it, until our loved one has been taken up into it. Nothing far to God! What peace & strength to feel that in that centre of love and truth all that we love is safe.

This Easter time sheds a peace and glory over our earthly losses. I know it, because my dear Mother was taken from me just before Easter.

One comfort in your loss you will gradually gain, & that will be the power of your Mother's character.

You will understand her better, & feel her influence more powerfully & graciously after a time. And surely with her it is well. God bless you dear Julius and comfort you with a new comfort learned to comfort others with.

April 4, 1894.

My Dear Julius:

Thank you for your letter. Over, and in every sentence is written the word: parting. Your mind is evidently set towards your "Jerusalem". The greatness & variety of the work there attract you evidently, and that will make your going easier in one way, for the demands upon you rouse your mental interest, and determine your will. But the pain of saying goodbye to a people and a Church building, into which you have put your very heart, will be great. Still there is a happy satisfaction, because the love which makes the parting hard is the reward of your ministry. You have made lives richer & stronger in God, and for this you are made thankful, by realizing the fruits of your work, when so many tell you how sorry they are to have you go. God bless you in your new work. You have the strength supplied you for the change, in the very existence of the work that calls you, and in the people, who anticipate your coming with such loyalty and confidence.

The work moves on evenly and quietly here. I hope I am doing my duty, not in a plodding way, but with some endeavor after a breadth of mind, magnanimity of spirit, and freshness of method. But this is a hard place, & therefore I suppose more evidently the Mas-

ter's station. Let us pray more for our work, and for one another. These are stirring days. Shall you get to the Church Congress at all? I want to sit with you at least through one session.

Nov: 5: 1894.

To one of his young men afflicted with loss of speech and hearing through sickness, he wrote frequently:

My dear Heber:

Thank you for your letter, & its kind wishes. May you have the joy and hope that makes our Easter Day such a glad festival. May the Risen Jesus appear to you that day with His love & beauty blessing you. Your presence in Church with a heart full of prayer and love to God brings a blessing.

I will try & preach of the Easter gladness, God's gift to men in the Resurrection of Christ, and of how we must drop the earthy, and aspire after the heavenly life by following our Risen Saviour. Death is but the door into immortal life. We shall recognize Him, and our friends there, as we are one in love, goodness & faith.

April 10, 1895.

My dear Heber:

I send you a calendar of the lessons read in Church every Sunday. If you take your Bible you can find the places where I read and can follow. This will make the service more interesting. I am sorry for your deafness, but it makes you brave and patient.

You are put to exert yourself, and will develope a force of character that will make a man of you. God knows it all, & loves you, and we trust the words of Jesus, and try to do His works that we may be loving and obedient sons of God. I hope that you will have a Happy New Year.

My dear Heber:

Thank you for your beautiful letter. It is good to see how the spirit of God is leading & training you, and building within you that interior life, the eternal life, which is God dwelling in you. May the fullest blessing of Christ be yours.

Sometime I wish you would read Wordsworth's poetry. I would like to know if it appeals to you. Read especially his Ode on Immortality, one of the most beautiful things in the English language. Write me occasionally some of your thoughts; I am always glad to know what you are thinking. Pray for us and the congregation & join with us at the Lord's Supper, in the blessed Communion with our God.

June 28: 1895.

My dear Heber:

It was good of you to write to me. Many times have I intended to write a good word to you, but many things hindered. You do not realise how much help your reverence and cheerful faith give to me. You are so brave and ready to make the best of things. Why should we not all do the same? God is our

Father, and gives to each of us the gifts and powers according to His wisdom. I am thankful you have a strong mind, and enjoy your studies. They open a new world, and bring us the thoughts of men, which we hear through our eyes. I am interested to know what you will do when you finish your courses at the High School. Miss Wetherbee spoke highly of you, and was interested to know about you. I shall never forget that evening when I baptised you as a little fellow, almost dying with diphtheria. It was God's consecration on your life, and a dedication to make your life, which He saved, useful to the world, and to set forth His glory.

My dear Heber:

Thank you for your kind words, and for letting me into your secret life. I caught your glance last Sunday while preaching & wished that I could give your mind my thoughts more easily. It is, however, an inspiration to see you so reverent and attentive, trying to be about our Father's business in His house. I hope you like our new church, and that you can understand some of the singing. You are bravely doing your work in the world, I know, glad for the privilege of duty. Work is God's title to existence. Even if it be humble, when done conscientiously, it is as necessary to His world as that of some great genius. I have been meaning to call on you, but have been very busy. Indeed, I shall never forget your baptism. God gave you to us a Christian hour, and I am glad it was my privilege to save you then. God grant you a bright Christmas, & happy, good New Year.

CHAPTER VIII

In 1895 Amory went to Minneapolis as a delegate to the General Convention which was held in that city. He wrote to his brother Harcourt:

"I hope some day you will be a delegate to the General Convention and see and learn what I now observe. You won't like it, but our best men must be ready to come for it is a most important and dignified assembly. It is the most notable gathering of the kind in the country and brings together a lot of interesting and eminent men. I don't like the politics nor the fuss made by some bishops and clergy, but they comprise the great and growing Church and must be known and met. In a way I am seeing a lot of men and making some pleasant acquaintances with bishops and clergy. I go to St. Paul's, I believe, with William, Sunday, when he speaks in the University. This morning I went to the great missionary council, presided over by noble Bishop Whipple. Then this afternoon I rode 20 miles on a bicycle with Parks and three other clergymen to Lake Calhoun, Lake Harriett, and the Falls of Minnehaha."

This year marked a new start in the life of his parish, and reveals Amory's remarkable power of leadership, the confidence of the people in him, their love and loyalty to him and his wishes. He had long felt

that the Church was not meeting the needs of the people in ways of worship. It was not dignified enough. It was not as beautiful as he would have it. The services were helpful and reverent but something was lacking. People were beginning to inquire about boy choirs. Amory was sure that a change could be made which would at once beautify the church, enrich the service, and attract the people. Besides this there had taken place within Amory a change, hard perhaps to point out, and one which he was slow to acknowledge. He was feeling more and more deeply the Sacramental truth of the Church. He was not swinging around to any party. He belonged to no party. But he was surely getting free from the old Evangelical forces. There was something in him of the Oxford spirit and it was showing itself. It was not in the way of controversy, nor apparent outward expressions. No man was more sweetly charitable and gentle. But he began now to put the emphasis on the Church. The desire for richer outpouring in public worship, the belief that the Historic Church had something for the people which she had not yet given them took hold of him. His plan, if he could get the support of the people, was to enlarge and dignify the sanctuary, put in a boy choir, a new organ, a new chapel, and increase the seating capacity of the church. To one with less faith this would have been impossible. For the parish it meant an enormous expenditure. Amory believed that it ought to be done and, because it ought to be done, could be done. So it was brought before the parish, taken up and carried on and completed as a memorial of the

50th anniversary of the parish. "How he led the people", Bishop Lawrence wrote, "to make the great improvements in the church, to expend their money on them, the chancel, etc., I never could understand. It was more than I had dreamed of, and when we entered that church, re-formed, with a new organ and fine boy choir for the first service it was a revelation to me of his pastoral leadership."

The story of that year is of special interest. For with these new plans of improvement in his mind came a call to the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Dedham. This was attractive and urgent. The field and character of work were entirely different, smaller, quieter, gentler perhaps, affording him ample time for study and reading for which he so much longed. With these and family inducements, the calls to Dedham (there were three of them) upset him even more than that to Trinity Church, Boston. Both he treated conscientiously. God might be speaking to him authoritatively. He believed that no call should be treated carelessly, for it had some mysterious connection with duty. His letters reveal him at this time:

Oct. 25, 1895.

To His Brother Harcourt.

God lead me to a right judgment—for I am in a state of bewilderment and suspended judgment. It is not the change I would have chosen and yet the call has come unsought and spite my lack of eagerness to be called. But I seem bound by ties of duty and deep affection to the people here especially as they

respond gladly to my call for the new work, although no signs have yet been given of abundant money. . . . The new work would call out other sides of my capacity, not yet developed. I might do more for the work at large. The field seems small for much demands upon me. I have certainly not decided about Dedham, and am waiting for information. I am standing at the parting of the ways, and trust my decision will never bring regrets.

This work in Lawrence will be engrossing and difficult, and takes a lot of my life and vitality. But if it is the thing to do, I am glad to undertake it.

Nov. 14th, 1895.

This evening I mailed my letter to Fred Stimson, withdrawing my name as a candidate for St. Paul's, Dedham, and explained my position. Our Vestry Meeting, Tuesday, voted unanimously that it was desirable that some improvements should be made on the lines proposed by our plans and appointed a finance committee to see about raising the money on the understanding that the work shall go on if $7,000 can be raised by the parish. Of course nothing can be done unless the money is raised, but we think it can be got. I said nothing, and let them do all the talking. At the close I said I would do all I could to carry the work through, if they co-operated heartily. What else could I do having got such progress in a work that I had roused them to consider last Spring? I felt myself in honor bound to it, unless some exceedingly important call made larger claims upon me. Appeals to the parish will be made this next week,

and the result remains to be seen. It is an act of faith, reasonable and right. I presented these facts to Stimson and said it was not right for me to allow this work to go on while my name was being considered as a candidate at Dedham, and that I must ask him to withdraw it. Now that the decision has been made, after my fashion, I have regrets, though I am sure I have decided aright. . . .

To accomplish my plans for the parish will strengthen my whole Ministry and to shirk the work at this juncture would always give me regret. I hope that all my family and friends will think I have acted wisely about Dedham. It is hard to act contrary to the advice of such men as Percy Browne, Donald, Vinton, and E. Peabody—but I don't think they thoroughly understood the situation.

Dec. 4th, 1895.

Again I have said no to Dedham and feel the same regret and disappointment at doing so, as before. We had a Vestry Meeting last night and the returns had been so satisfactory, and the warning so certain that if I went the work would all be dropped, that I felt under peculiar obligations to do what I could in the future development of the parish where the people are so united for carrying out my plans. . . . I regret acting contrary to your advice, and that of many others. Our difference in opinion comes from the emphasis laid on different points in the line of reasons. *You* naturally think of the social and family advantages, and these should not be ignored—but when they are balanced with other considerations the

proportions are altered. And weighing the moral obligations, integrity in plans of work, and the claims of a busy, well organized city parish in a live community, with the hope of developing the church plant into attractive proportions, all on one side; with family advantages, change of work, and a quiet, studious pastoral life, on the other; I am convinced my decision is wise.

I am bound, God willing, to make my ministerial career not merely a profession, but an ideal vocation, and to try to become so far as my lines allow an effective power in the development of our Church. My professional conscience feels better, and I think my logical processes of reasoning are sound. Don't forget us still in Lawrence, for we want cheer and encouragement. . . . I shall lose the fun of having a decision before me, and think the family conversation will be poverty stricken without Dedham!

Dec. 10th, 1895.

The enthusiasm and willingness of the people is touching and deeply gratifying. All that has happened the past month is humbling, if you can understand what I mean, and gives me a deeper sense of devotion to my work. I hope my Ministry may be strengthened in usefulness and power, and that I may gain a deeper consciousness of its true ideals. Excuse this prosing. But I need to brace myself up for our Fair tomorrow, the Parish Field Day.

When he saw how willing the people of his parish were to take up the work of improving the church, he

knew it to be his duty to remain with them and see the task accomplished. The completion marked the 50th anniversary of his parish, his own all-conquering faith, untiring zeal and firm loyalty to the best interests of his people.

The wisdom which Amory showed in undertaking such a work as this, improving extensively and radically the interior of the church, was evident from the beginning. It seemed to make all things new. It proved him to be a man who clearly read the signs of the times and was keen to the needs of men and women. It revealed also his foresight. He was sure of the inevitable effect because he had reasoned it out. This ability of his was pronounced. It was noticeable that in his parish work he did that thing which brought the best results. He seemed to know what would go and what would not go. If you came to him with a suggestion as to work, you were very likely to find that it had already occurred to him and been tried.

Now it was that his pastoral work was resumed with greater force than ever. Services began to multiply in the church; societies and clubs, meetings and entertainments in the parish house. Grace Church became a real city parish, fully equipped, able to meet every need of a forceful city. In a sermon preached at this time on The Mission of the Parish Church he said: "The present customs of making our churches as beautiful as art and money can do, of enriching our service with all that sound and wise liturgical rules allow, and of also securing the personal advantages and enjoyments of this by hiring a com-

fortable seat, is not merely for a man's or woman's social prominence and satisfaction but is for the glory of God and the good of others. . . . Each worker and worshipper who hires a sitting is saying, 'I have made an agreement that my presence in this church is as a missionary for Jesus Christ to the city of Lawrence to strengthen faith, righteousness and charity within its bounds. Without this spirit my parish is rather a hindrance than a benefit to true religion.' . . . The flower can convey no message of sweetness to the breezes unless its own centre be charged with fragrance. The pipes of an organ can lead no glorious psalm of praise unless a master hand has command over their stops. A church in a city will be dumb and powerless in its missionary work unless it be full of men and women of devout faith and consecrated righteousness. . . . The reverent communion you make here, the glad presentation of your children here to Christ, the joyous marriage blessed here in the name of the Lord, the beautiful and solemn closing of the lives of faithful men and women with the burial service, completing the life of faith from the font to the tomb with God's blessing, are all so many testimonies made that God is in this city. . . . The sacramental privileges of which outward and visible signs are made inward and spiritual means of Holy Communion are an essential part of our worship. The pledges of grace such as the bread and wine in the Holy Communion and the water in Holy Baptism are actual signs and means by which our Lord Jesus Christ intended that Christians' worship should be real and effectual. . . . The conscience of this city,

as well as our own, needs to be strengthened. With corruptions in city politics, with the menacing evil of our open and crowded saloons, with the open and unblushing fraud and betting in our athletic sports, and with the selfishness of our club and social life, the citizens in the name of the sinless Saviour must meet together in solemn protest and holy zeal of righteousness. . . . We are a church and not a club. We are a missionary parish with enormous and solemn obligations upon us for righteous, charitable and friendly helpfulness in this city, as well as in the state, country and world. And we do well to learn quickly the duties of such a Church like ours in this strange cosmopolitan city, in whose streets we are to worship, live righteously and spend our days together helpfully and unselfishly. . . . If I might criticise the present and the past, I should be forced to say we have not large enough visions or high enough ideals of the true mission of our parish church in the city."

To Miss Packard.

Bar Harbor, Maine, August 15, 1896.

My dear Miss Packard:

I am deeply grieved for you all, and will certainly come to Lawrence for Tuesday to do all I can to help you. As I understand from your telegram the service will be at 2.30 Tuesday afternoon. I shall leave here Monday by the night train, and reach Lawrence early Tuesday morning. After breakfast I will go to your house to receive your instructions and see you. How sad that the dear old homestead should be again

the scene of so much sorrow. But the courage and patience it has witnessed through past generations will not fail now. Our Fathers' God is our God, the same yesterday, today and forever. There was that in Arthur's character so beautiful, genuine and manly, bright and kind, that we will trust him to the great eternal home. Whatever happens in this world, he is safe there, untouched by sorrows, disappointment or sin. I cannot say more except that I begin to realize what the sorrow must be, as our boys grow into our lives.

Here we return to his diary.

Jan. 17. . . . Good evening service but not so large a congregation. Many reasons deter people. . . . But we have remarkable increase in congregation. Organ, architecture and musical service draws. So a preacher does not get proud or spoiled.

This was the year in which a ten days parochial mission was held in Grace Church under the direction of the Rev. Walpole Warren, D. D., of New York.

Feb. 13. . . . Curious to hand one's parish for 10 days to another. God bless to us and to me the mission.

Feb. 15. . . . God's blessing seems on the mission as it is finely started. . . . We all ought to be better for it and to know what salvation is.

Feb. 20. . . . One thing—learned people like good straight Gospel preaching. I must do more.

Feb. 21. . . . The mission has done lots of good to me in showing necessity for Gospel preaching, in

deepening religious tone, in helping and touching a large number and opening Episcopal Church.

Mar. 10. . . . I thank God for the privilege of ministering in the Congregation and pray for more grace.

Mar. 12. . . . Went to No. Andover for service and to preach in the dear little church. For my times are in thy hands, and what times God has led us through since we were there,—strange puzzling sorrows and yet an even kind way with springs of blessing all along the road. Surely He will still lead on.

June 4. . . . Am districting parish, 450 families into 11 districts with 11 heads, each having 3 or 4 assistants to visit whole parish regularly, see sick and strangers, each taking about 8 or 9 families.

June 7. . . . People are so kind. God continue to bless me in Thy work in this parish, success in temptation and a responsibility.

CHAPTER IX.

The Lambeth Conference was held and the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in England this year, 1897. Amory attended the Bishop of Massachusetts as his Chaplain.

"Perhaps," the Bishop writes, "the surest test of a man is as a fellow traveller. He stood it of course. It was interesting to me to see how the English people of greatest refinement appreciated him. They enjoy a racy American with his amusing stories; they expect it of American clergymen. There was none of that in Gus. He was a modest gentleman. He was one of them and as such they took him into their homes and heart."

Careful notes of this journey were kept, and many letters were written. That was his way. His scrap books are full. All the programs of events which took place, services, meetings, clippings,—everything that entered into the life of the Ministry he gathered together. His scrap book of Lambeth is valuable and interesting. He carefully collected photographs of cathedrals and leading clergy; orders of the great services and his own letters written home. In this way he was fond of living over again what had once been a part of his experience. His diary too contains

impressions and notes. They sailed from New York on the S. S. Teutonic on June 14, and arrived on June 21, in time for the Celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

To His Wife.

June 22, 1897.

"Here we are 9 A. M. on our stands, watching, wondering, enthusiastic, great sight, every building thronged with gaily dressed people. Every now and then cheers as some noted person passes. A Bishop or dignitary in scarlet robes, and fur-tipped, richly decked Indian officials, soldiers in scarlet. Mounted Hussars. Every window, cornice, roof top, paving stone thronged with men, women, and children. . . . Glad to be first cousin to such a nation, and to be an American with our history in the making. . . . Splendid, and the grandest success. All sorts of distinguished men in representative uniforms, foreign envoys from all parts of the world. Then came the royal carriages with four, six and eight horses. The trappings were heavy gold and the gilded coaches were gorgeous. Last came the royal carriage in which was the Queen and the Princess of Wales. I saw the Queen very well and she looked comfortable and dignified.

June 28, 1897.

. . . You should have seen me in my new and shorter surplice, and my crimson and black hood. All the clergy here wear hoods so I must in Rome do as the Romans. But I won't wear a squash hat. We had a good congregation. Then I got into old Dr.

John Cotton's beautiful pulpit and preached my sermon. I am glad I am an American Churchman.

. . . July 1, 1897. . . . We have now returned from the most impressive service in this old Abbey I ever attended anywhere. Bishops and Chaplains vested in Church House and we formed a long and gorgeous procession with white surplices, red convocation robes, many colored hoods, and men, fine looking from every part of the world,—black Bishops, one from Korea and Kaka, Japan, and our fine American Bishops. We marched through the yard in the slowly falling twilight amidst lines of respectful looking people, in by the West door of the noble old Abbey, gloomy with twilight, with some light coming through colored windows, and the choir lighted with candles. . . . Last came in the three primates, Alexander of Armagh, Ireland, MacLagan of York, a handsome old man who preached, and Temple of Canterbury. Each primate was preceded by a man bearing a cross, and followed by three or four chaplains. But the primate of the Anglican Church, Temple of Canterbury, a grim strong old man, had his scarlet velvet robe carried by two pages. It was a fine and noble scene. . . . One felt the nobility, universality and strength of the great English-speaking and English-worshipping Church, and felt exhilarated by its impressive assemblage. So to the hymn, "Recessional," we slowly walked down the old nave out into the dark noisy streets through the Dean's yard,—a ghostly processional,—and the Conference had begun. . . . Grosvenor and I took the 9.50 train for Oxford. It was Commemoration Day,

for the giving of degrees. E. L. Godkin of N. Y. received a D. C. L. degree. Behind us came a special train bearing the Archbishop of Finland, special envoy to the Jubilee from the Russian Church. Dons, Masters, etc. met him at the station, choir boys sang Greek verses in welcome. The remarks of undergraduates in the gallery were most amusing. They were like this: When Mr. Godkin came forward for his degree—"And what have *you* done, sir? Do you know Mr. Barnes of N. Y. sir?" You know this chaffing is allowed. When the Provost got lengthy with his Latin Oration, "And can't you finish it outside, sir!" When someone stood up with stooping shoulders: "Now pull yourself together, sir," "Won't you pat him on the back, sir?" And when the Finland Archbishop with his black cap and short black veil and long black robe came forward, a voice from the upper gallery called out, "And how long have you been a widow, sir?" . . . That college choir is the finest and sweetest choir in England. I never heard such music. The boys' voices were like flutes and they sang as one voice. The organ and organist were wonderful.

July 4. . . . I joined William here at Canon Mason's urgent invitation. He is so gracious, kindly and intelligent. He is quite a theological writer. It is pleasant being so near the Cathedral. . . . You must read Stanley's Memorial of Canterbury. . . . Somehow I don't get over-enthusiastic over my great namesake (St. Augustine). He was not quite saintly in character I fear, rather disregarded the early Saxon or British Christianity which existed, and brought in Roman slaves.

July 4, 1897.

My dear Harold:

Papa went to see animals yesterday. Great big bears, white and brown and black. White polar bears were in the tub splashing and having a fine time, but no curly locks. Saw great lions with great shaggy hair, some asleep, and some walking about. Great elephants with long ears and great trunks like a long nose. Birds I saw with legs as long as Harold and as thin as a poker. Some little otters were swimming in the water, and two little girls threw them crackers to eat, and they swam fast through the water to catch them. The little boys and girls had a fine time, and I wanted my little James and Harold to see them. But oh, the monkeys, how lively and funny they were, jumping about with long legs and tails, pulling and biting each other. They chatted and almost laughed. They were brown and black, grey and red. If I got too near they would bite, so I kept away. They are in big cages and can't get out. Then Papa got on a big bus, and came through streets filled with busses, carts and carriages, and came home, and did not lose his way. He went up Primrose hill. "Once I went up Primrose hill and Primrose hill was dirty, and there I met a pretty maid who dropped me a curtsey. My face is my fortune, sir, she said." But there was no one there but dirty men and boys. Be good, Harold, my nice, clean boy, and love James and be kind to him. Ask God to take care of papa and bring him safe over the big ocean. Kiss James and mama.

Your loving Papa.

To His Wife.

. . . We came to this delightful place (Eton) yesterday, and are in the midst of English school life, a valuable experience. There are 1,000 of the best English boys here from 13-19 years old. Mr. Donaldson of C. P. — — stamp is most popular. . . . I went to Morning Chapel today where the smaller boys go—400. One begrudges the influence of the school compared with the home. But it is the best England does with her best boys. She turns out from them fine men, with an unconscious and spontaneous enthusiasm it is good to see. . . .

July 20. . . . The politics and the flunkeyism in the Church of England tires me. Yet it is fascinating. I should be hopelessly spoiled were I a Church of E. Bishop. So be thankful I am not as bad as I might be.

. . . They said strange things about America which I did not like. The Bishop of London said we Americans were so amiable that we have no strong likes or dislikes or opinions. A wild generalization for an historian to make. I replied that we had strong friendships and opinions but that we possessed the power of restraint and reserve. They don't carry a hand of steel in a glove of velvet: these English. I acknowledge we err on the side of amiability as a nation but we have no desire to be as brutal as an Englishman can be. . . . My best picture of the Bishop of London, whom I could not remember to call my Lord, is with his long legs in black silk stockings and silver buckles raised high, his feet on the mantle piece while he rolled cigarette after

cigarette, smoking, inhaling and talking rapidly. He is an autocrat and manages his clergy. He is sharp in his criticisms. Such a man is a strong leader but not a sympathetic and spiritual minded Bishop and Father in God. Men like him because he is interesting. But I doubt whether he will ever become Archbishop of Canterbury.

To Rev. J. W. Atwood.

London, July 25, 1897.

My dear Julius:

By this time I suppose you are at Winter Harbor or Grindstone Neck, looking for my arrival. But secretly I think you are so much absorbed in admiring that fine baby of yours that you don't know whether I am at Bar Harbor or not. But you must find I am there about August 15, for we sail from here August 4. I have been having great times doing London socially and ecclesiastically. Of course I can't do things as you would and hob-nob with all sorts of great men. But in my modest way, and as Chaplain to the Bishop of Massachusetts, I have met many interesting people. This afternoon at Dr. Gregory's, Dean of St. Pauls, I met Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford. He is an interesting and decided man, bright and an old man, thinking Driver and Briggs alike in their extremes. But the majority of these English Bishops are well disposed towards Biblical criticism that is not too radical. We spent two days at Fulham Palace with the Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton. He is a strong, self-centered, able man, but rather critical and cynical. He is a

new man ecclesiastically, and it remains to be seen how he will turn out on full trial, and how good his chances are for Canterbury. The evil with the English Church is this hunting for promotion, as is shown painfully in that fine life of Magee. I have been trying to find out good English preachers. Boyd Carpenter of Ripon is fine, but the common English judgment is he is too fluent and lecture style. But it was a great sight to see him hold 2,500 in the nave of Canterbury for 62 minutes. Canon Eyton is a strong preacher, but having heard him twice today, he seems not a heavy weight, rather too sensational. Page Roberts is a strong fine preacher, and a decided broad Churchman with a religious temper. Scott Holland I heard once in a talk & once in a sermon. Of course he ranks high. I have not been able to hear Gore, he is the leader theologically and draws men. But they have few great preachers now in the Church of England. It is functions, music and work that characterizes the Church of England. They are missing it by ornate services without fine strong preaching. Tomorrow we go to Lambeth palace for a two days visit with the Archbishop & Mrs. Temple. He has a perpetual smile on his face since made Archbishop. I can't tell what goes on at the Lambeth Conference being confidential Chaplain. Wait until you hear my essay at the Twenty Club, or read the Encyclical. We spent a pleasant Sunday with Canon Mason at Canterbury, & met your friend Fremantle. We also spent two days delightfully at Eton with a Master: ——— Donaldson. We have met nearly all the 40 American Bishops. I shall come home almost

a Bishop myself but quite content to be a plain presbyter with no temptation to leggings and aprons, and thankful to be a cleryman in our Church in the U. S. A.

To His Brother Harcourt.

. . . This afternoon I had an amusing visit on Lady Lyndhurst. She was bright and most cordial, showed me her pet dog and favorite sermons, and sent me off with her blessings and a boutoniere. She asked me my name once or twice and insisted that I was seven feet tall and that I could not be a clergyman because I had hair on my face.

To His Wife.

. . . The Conference is drawing to a close. They are preparing the Encyclical. I hear a great deal about it. . . . It seems that with some fine exceptions our American Bishops have not distinguished themselves so much. They have been too fresh and assertive. There have been some live questions at issue very important to the future of our relations to the Anglican Communion. Some wish to make the Archbishop of Canterbury the head for reference for the English, Colonial, and American Church, but some of our best Bishops, and I am proud of them, say if that is done it ends union with the Lambeth Conference, for we cannot accept the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury in deciding our policy as a Church.

In an essay read before the Twenty Club that year he refers to the relations of Canterbury and the Church in America, as discussed at Lambeth. "We

are the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A. with a true Catholic and Apostolic origin and discipline and we bought our birthright at a dear price. We are absolutely independent of Canterbury and we are, we believe, more apostolic in our constitution than the Church of England, because we owe no allegiance to King or Queen but are the People's church. . . . We need not call ourselves the American Church until the Christian citizens of the Republic by a large majority claim us as their Church. But let those who would thus name the Church over again preserve its autonomy and visit Canterbury with any pious pilgrimage they fancy as a shrine but not as a seat of Authority. . . . One returns to work in the American Church still more loyal to its institutional and national life, glad to have our American Prayer Book, our wide field of work and our laity. . . . The personal encounter with the leaders of the Church of England inspires one with a higher sense of responsibility for the development of our own Church by following the example of their devotion to public affairs."

He returned to his parish work in September. In his diary we read:

Sept. 5, 1897. . . . People are kind and cordial and the parish seems alive. God grant me grace to be more humble and spiritual-minded and good.

Sep. 8. . . . A men's supper in the Parish House, surprise party to me. . . . They said complimentary things of me which are scarcely true, and humiliating for I should be so much more of a leader. I hope they may say as much at my funeral.

Oct. 5. . . . I feel a change of field ought to be made soon, although it would be very hard to leave. I want to get Parish into stronger conditions financially first. Who knows that I may stay here always. My times and works are in thy hands. Guide and place me, oh Lord.

Nov. 2. . . . Dreadful result of good government movement in N. Y. . . . What are we coming to. God help our cities.

The institutional work of the Church possessed great charm for Amory, and during these years this feature of his parish work grew immensely. He believed that it was the only way to work in the busy city. The ways of the world must be taken and consecrated to the service of the Church. If the city could attract the young the Church must. There must be clubs and societies; there must be a suitable place where men could congregate, where they could do, under the shelter of the Church, many of the things they did in the street places. The parish already possessed a parish house, but it was outgrown. The Sunday School taxed it to its utmost capacity. It did not meet the parish needs. If the work were to go on as the city demanded it, there must, among other things, be a new parish house. On this he fixed his mind and, as he went about in his ceaseless parish work, he talked about it and brought it into the minds of the people. If he only had, he used to say, such a plant as St. Bartholomew's or St. George's, and assistants, he would stir the whole city.

. . . "Reading? Dear me! I am so under pressure for reading, that I am getting dry. Adams

Smith's Isaiah, Xn Institutions, Beyschlag's N. T. Theology, Tennyson's Life, Church's Village Sermons, Westcott's Xn Aspects of Life, (fine), are some of the books I am trying to read. I have written an essay on the "Beginnings of Puritanism in England" and am writing another on "Service". This, with the burden of sermons & addresses for coming Lent, finds me almost brainless. Still on we go," he wrote to his friend Atwood.

In his diary of 1899 we read:

Jan. 1. . . . Strange to be housed on this my 15th anniversary as Rector but am still very weak with grippe. . . . Strange way of beginning year but have much to be thankful for, and am learning.

Jan. 5. . . . New lesson this, for me to learn to be sick. Perhaps a little holding up may do me no harm and I may learn that One rules, and we are servants for Him and not masters.

Jan. 9. . . . Dull and slow, staying so much in the house, not being able to rush and do things.

Jan. 12. . . . Lawrence is a dull place to convalesce in, and the feeling will come what good is one doing here anyway. God give me grace to elevate, vary and ennoble my work.

Jan. 18. . . . —— suggested that we all go to Keith's, and what a show, vulgar, commonplace and shady . . . and yet this is what the people and the young see and like!

Feb. 19. . . . Very full day—not tired. Happy in the work. May it be the Lord's and not mine for his almighty blessing.

Mar. 3. . . . Last meeting with Confirmation Class in evening. Mostly young people. 29 girls and women—10 young men. "39 articles." Have done my best in instructing them from Dec. until now. God bless, guard and keep them.

Apr. 22. . . . Humbled by the greatness of the work here.

June 11. . . . Congregations seem to grow larger but I miss those so much who don't come. God help them and our work.

July 20. . . . Took lesson in Golf in afternoon. Pleasant to be out but learned more humility than Golf.

Sept. 2. . . . Feel well and I hope well prepared for good work, bring Christ to people, enlarging Church institutional ideal—Missionary, and making parish life a reality and power.

Sept. 17. . . . Things seem to start well. Much earlier than in city parish. But I want to do so much broader and deeper work and have such ideals. God help me for His and not my Glory.

Oct. 19. . . . Went to see a sick child and saw the little thing die, pass into Paradise. How slight seems the hold on life here and when it is gone what absence. Nothing seems left but empty clay. What a marvelous fact that the thing left repulses and how we long for what has gone,—the soul.

Oct. 26. . . . Work seems endless, and needs beyond our power to supply.

Nov. 17. . . . How does the century end! God guide and consecrate power and opportunity for Christ's Kingdom.

Dec. 31. . . . Preached at Methodist watch-meeting at 9. So ends the old year. Last year of 19th century and eve of 20th. Still and even flows our life, uneventful, many mercies and blessings and strength to bear strain of steady hard work in this parish. Somewhat and sometimes monotonous to carry burdens and responsibilities and cares. May thy presence go with us and bless us. To Thee we commit the past; in Thee we trust the future.

To His Wife, July 9th, 1899.

We got well and safely through our great picnic. But, of course, we had Grace Church weather! Never in the history of our picnics was such a day known. It began to shower lightly at 10, then, by degrees, heavily, then came a thunder-storm, which we did not much mind, and a slight respite for the sports, and then we returned and fled to our various homes through pelting showers. Mothers with babies, children without parents, umbrellas or coats, were round everywhere. They were merry, though drenched to the skin, and such a bedraggled crowd as came back you never saw. Summer hats and dresses lost freshness to say the least. The rain we prayed for, and that Harold longed for, came, but we were all jolly and got lots of fun. It was a warm rain, and did no one much harm. There were no accidents, we had abundance of food, and plenty of willing workers, and we are thankful it is all well over. Now for a blizzard on the day of our Fair!

To Mr. James Payne.

My dear Mr. Payne:

Many thanks for your graphic and beautifully written account of Mr. Allen's first beginnings of S. John's. It is like a well painted picture, and will be valuable for history and keenly appreciated by Mr. Allen's friends, and theological pupils, many of whom read the paper, and admire Mr. Allen in his latter days enthusiastically. I thank you for your pains in writing it, your excellent style, and your remarkable memory.

It is good to have a few living amongst us who bring living records of the beginnings of the Church in Lawrence within our hearing today.

I am thankful we can keep our church up to date, and retain the loyalty of those who built its foundations, and so maintain its traditions unbroken without shocking any feelings. We have been most remarkably blessed, and I earnestly pray that God may continue to us the blessings of peace, prosperity and progress. I feel often much humbled by the greatness of our work and my inefficiency. So I prize highly the encouragment and generous support you have unfailingly given me from my first to my last days in this Parish. It has been a good place for young men to come to.

To Rev. J. W. Atwood.

My dear Julius:

"What labors, watchings, teachings and prayers will employ your days. May He ever be with you, in whose name you do all these good works, giving and scorn suspicion. But what strange conditions a

and that "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean & the living air." We are busy with opening of societies' works, and it seems good to have things going again. Get hold of Bishop Ridding's sermons, The Revel and the Battle. I have on hand The World, the Subject of Redemption, by Fremantle which I suppose you have read. Then I am plodding through Harnack's History of Dogma, wishing I had time to study the Ancient Fathers. How did Oxford men read so much?"

To Mr. F. C. McDuffie.

My dear Mr. McDuffie:—

I am glad to return this amazing, incoherent mass of insane twaddle, between the pages of the life of so sound and wholesome a thinker as Kingsley. His words and example rouse one to realize the value of sanctified commonsense, and warn one to present facts rather than theories, and to differentiate faith and scorn suspicion. But what strange conditions a teacher is thrown amongst, and what importance is shown for sound doctrine. I am thankful that the sound piety and rational wisdom of our Church supply such wholesome conditions, and yet resolution and sound understanding is necessary to keep up this tone. Thanks most sincerely for all your wise encouragement and assistance.

The years which Augustine Amory worked in Lawrence may be safely called his Ministry, although the short labor in another city was rich in results. His Ministry at Grace Church was the ministry

of his youth and middle age, the ministry of his dreams and vigor. Here he began and here but for three short years he ended his Ministry. What that ministry was has been seen in his letters and his diaries. It was a ministry, a rectorship, a pastorate of the inner life. One asks the question, What was the secret of Amory's power; and the only answer is, His inner life. Another asks, How he did do such remarkable parish work, and the answer is, that he observed the commands of his inner life. Another asks to see his plans and his principles of work. But the truth is they cannot be shown apart from his inner life. He so believed in the Ministry; he so believed in Christ; he so believed in the power of the Christian Church through the Christ to save men and women that he labored ceaselessly to bring the Church near to them. His ideal was Christ, his vision was Christ, his motive was Christ, and his controlling passion was to be true. He did not, however, work blindly. His was a ministry of system. It was business-like. He planned his day's work carefully. He answered his letters promptly. He kept a strict cash account of all personal and parish expenses and charities and gifts. He believed in and labored for a business-like parish. On the subject of "The Offertory", he once said in a sermon, "How can we avoid such incongruities and inconsistencies by worthily providing in such ways for the extention of Christ's Kingdom through the parish church,, that the Offertory be an inspiration and a rich symbol, and not a depressing fact and inadequate form? By so symbolizing the presentation of the devotions of the people that the eyes of church people be opened to the necessity of

properly and adequately supporting the Church in business-like ways. The systematic support of our churches so that with dignity and precision our parishes discharge their obligations in Christlike generosity of spirit must be carefully planned and carried out. The intelligence of the people must be so directed to the solution of this problem of Church support, that no unworthy means be substituted for the reverence in presenting methods and money raised by these methods, in the public worship of Almighty God. I do not presume to discuss thoroughly the best method of managing the finances of a parish. The whole church free and the worshippers having a common purse, into which each first day of the week one puts what he or she can afford to save, is an attractive method. But it is not thorough, radical, or generous enough. It is inconsistent with the covenant making that lies at the basis of all honorable transactions between man and man, and that too between man and God, as laid down in the Baptism vow. The Church must preserve its income as well as its expense account for the whole year, and enter into contracts for the work of the parish with guarantees for its honorable and generous support. But another method of maintaining the parish, more widely used now, is preferable. The careful and systematic development of a pledged and guaranteed income in the giving of which are guaranteed right and title to individual privileges in the church, so far as sitting and position is concerned, to me seems the most notable way of maintaining the necessary expenses of a parish. . . . I am persuaded that there is much value in the presenting of

bills for religious privileges and the raising of money for the maintenance of public worship, by making it an item of common account that should not appear in the Offertory. . . . I am not sure but that a deeper sense of obligation will thus be awakened where a Christian community recognizes, from the dignity of placing the alms upon the altar, that the main duty of society is to give not only relief, but to institute reforms and measures for improvement. In these days when the Church is accused of loving and seeking money, and when the clergy have to spend so much time and care in raising money, and when financial methods for securing it are strange and many, it will do no harm to bring again into prominence the lost bit of ritual of the Offertory."

He was a strong and loyal Churchman. He believed that the Church held the solution of the religious problems of the future. "Like a great prophet and arbitrator," he said, speaking before an Unitarian society, "stands the judicious Hooker whose work on Ecclesiastical Polity lays strong foundations for the Church of England which would make it the meeting place of Christianity. We know that England must be protestant and free from any foreign ecclesiastical control to preserve her genius as a nation. . . . But we question whether in the extreme reaction against traditional religion and the Papacy an avenging Nemesis would not inflict its penalty. . . . The Anglo-Saxon race will always set intellect and conscience as sovereign. Periods of depression, intellectual, moral and religious may come. But we are a serious people. The vein of righteousness is in the blood. . . . But as a people we shall be inclu-

sive in our religious comprehensiveness. The age of sectarian divergences is past. That of constructive Christianity is at hand. The general increase of sympathy is marked. I stand amongst you today on this common ground of sympathy, gained in the reproduction and improvement of the Elizabethan Age, in our Victorian Age. I am a strong Churchman, stronger and wiser, I trust, in my conclusions, as my Ministry continues. The Vestments, the Prayer Book, the ecclesiastical system which such men as Hooper, Bp. of Gloucester, rejected and the great reformers denounced as chains of oppression and Satan's magic robe, and enchanter's cloak of darkness and engines of popery, I accept, use, and rejoice in. You may not understand nor sympathize with me as an Episcopalian. But I urge that I am more than an Episcopalian. I am an American Churchman, with a System, Use, and Liturgy which in the intellectual and religious development of this nation will, as in the past, so in the future, commend itself for liberty, breadth and adaptiveness as ever more popular."

This reverence for the Church and for holy things grew in him as he grew. It had always been a part of him. He never either in his study or in his house, or sacristy put so much as a piece of paper upon the Holy Bible. Nothing should be placed upon it to cover it. To see the Bible hidden under papers or books pained him. He had the habit of always taking off his hat when passing his Church. Grace Church had grown so dear to him he could not help it; it was a very sacrament to him. The same sense of reverence for great truths impelled him to salute the national colors, to bare his head when at the ballot box he

prepared his vote. He was unfailingly courteous to all. "He always takes off his hat to me," said one girl, "even when I have my dinner pail." "I love him," said another, "because he is so common." He has a delicious sense of humor, could quickly set people at ease, was ready at repartee, and skilful at turning a sally, facile in conversation, and an inspirer of good nature.

His own fondness for the mountains and outdoor life led him to establish Recreation Grounds on the banks of the Merrimack a little way out of the city. Here, mothers could take their children and spend the summer afternoons, and men and boys could have their games.

Amory had an extraordinary power of comforting the bereaved and afflicted. He seemed to know just what to say. Widows, mothers, the fatherless never forgot what he said. "He seemed to lift me right up." It was, be it repeated, the inner life of the man. He was living as he was believing, living the ideal which he faced, and the vision which was shining upon his life. This came out in his preaching. He was an earnest preacher, scholarly and thoughtful, never as good, though, in a written sermon as in his sermons of extemporaneous delivery. Full as his written sermons were of thoughtful material, and serious as he was, he could not entirely forget himself. "If I could only free myself of this self-consciousness of mind," he was wont to say. He had injured his voice by constant leading of the Sunday School in its singing, and this fact accounts for some of his difficulty.

Groton School, Groton, Mass.

Dear Gus.

Mountains of work loom up ahead of me this morning, but not a bit of it will be touched until I have written you a line to thank you for the best sermon we have had in the chapel for a long time, one of the best we have ever heard. It stirred and touched me personally very deeply, and gave me a good lift upwards. Very many of the boys have spoken of it to me and it pleased me that they did so; for you made no attempt to come down to their level but called them up to your high plane————.

Very affectionately yours,
Sherrard Billings.

But in his sermons and his communion addresses without manuscript he was remarkable. There is where his strength lay as a preacher. "When he preaches without notes he is the finest I ever heard," one of his elder parishioners observed. He was strong. The words poured out of his mouth like a torrent. He was free with his message, filled with passion, magnetic with the Spirit. "You just want to open the flood gates," he remarked to a trembling curate. To tell the truth he was his own message. "I should not care if Mr. Amory merely said A. B. C. when he gets up there in the pulpit. It would be a great sermon for he would be behind it." This feeling of one was the feeling of all. People felt instinctively that they were in the presence of character and saintliness. One of the surest evidences that he left his impress upon the people is the fact that you will hear the words again and again, "Mr. Amory used to say."

He was a leader in a quiet way among the city clergy. He took part in the ministers' meetings, was the President of the Board of Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association, and an active adviser in the city institutions. A public reception once given to him by the men of his parish was attended by the Rectors of the strongest Roman Catholic churches. His interest in civic affairs made him an officer in the Good Government Association, and the originator of a Coffee House in Lawrence.

It is therefore not surprising that this man left behind him a wonderful work done in his city. For twenty years in city and suburb he went about doing good, as minister of God, priest of the Church, pastor of the people, manly, forceful, gentle, pure. When they speak of Amory they all speak the same way.

"So another Lent has begun graciously"—he wrote in his diary of 1901. "My 21st in the Ministry—ordained Deacon in 1880, and all that time in nearly one field. 3 years assistant and in charge of St. Paul's, No. Andover, and entering my 18th year as Rector. God forgive, guide, teach, and improve me. I feel as if I had only begun the work."

Feb. 23. . . . May I keep these Lenten rules: 1. Don't count numbers. 2. Half hour's devotion every morning and 5 minutes daily quiet prayers in Church. 3. Devotion and recollectedness in service. 4. Do best in preparing sermons and don't worry afterwards. 5. Lead talk in parish calls to spiritual subjects.

Mar. 3. . . . What a lot of talking and preaching. Be sure you teach yourself.

Apr. 16. . . . Parish in sound financial order. God grant also in sound moral and spiritual.

May 7. . . . We are in an international snare. May success make us solemn and wise.

May 18. . . . A beautiful spring-like day doing one's heart good. A feast of beauty and song. Let us trust God in every Winter of our discontent and be patient in slow breaking of Spring.

June 5. . . . How inspiring our services are! How good we ought to be! How long will it last? To thine honor, oh Lord, be all done.

July 11. . . . God help and direct. Why do such troubles come in our lot? We trust God always, but it seems so strange at times for a child one loves better than one's own life.

July 20. . . . Take me not away till I have told Thy truth to this generation and built Thy Church for those to come.

CHAPTER X.

That such a work as Augustine Amory was accomplishing in the city of Lawrence should not be interrupted was a natural judgment. No one had ever thought of Grace Church without him. That he would go away was undreamed. It was inconceivable by his parishioners, and as a matter of fact they never understood it. They could only see his duty to them. They were able to picture him only as he had been to them. When in this last year of his ministry in Lawrence he did give up his work and go into another parish they never realized what it meant to Amory. But his letters and his diary show.

July 13. . . . I was perplexed by receiving a letter from ——, proposing to give my name for St. Stephens Ch., Lynn, where they want a Rector. Could hardly say no at once, and yet could I say yes with parish doing as it is and giving $1,450 already to new diocese!

When he was at Bar Harbor for his vacation that Summer the Clerk of St. Stephen's Parish sent him a letter telling him of his unanimous call to the Rectorship of that parish.

Aug 6. . . . Tired and perplexed. God help and guide me for Christ and His Church.

To His Brother Harcourt.

St. Stephen's, Lynn, has come upon the field of my life, as you will see by the enclosed letter telling me of my election. Everything has been done in the most courteous way. Their action shows me honor and confidence. It seems to me more than at first that I should consider this most seriously. . . . The question comes, often, can I do more in Lawrence than I am now doing: have I not got my work there into that condition so that I can do nothing more than maintain it? Would not new conditions develop new methods and character in me and my work? It seems disloyal to the parish that has been my life, to consider this as an open question; but I am a servant of the Church and not of one parish, and must consider where I can put in my work most usefully to the work at large. . . . This is all very unsettling and perplexing.

Aug. 26. . . . Quiet moments in Church when before the Altar the decision came to leave my dear work here for a new field. God leads.

To Miss Packard.

My dear Miss Marcia:—

After your most kind and pathetic appeal, it grieves me sorely to tell you the decision, that a commanding sense of duty has compelled me to accept the call to St. Stephen's Parish, Lynn, and to resign my work in our beloved Grace Church Parish. In all my deliberations the thought of you and Miss Mary has weighed heavily in the balance. Your words "but not to Lynn," have been a warning as to what my

people will say. I wish I could have a long talk with you (I will at dinner the second Sunday in September) to tell you all my reasons. The field of that big city of Lynn attracts me. That the people of S. Stephen's are sinners like all of us, and awry like many, has challenged me to do the Master's work amongst them and for that big second-class city, so full of teeming, American life, I shall have hard problems. But I like the venture, and it is for the Master and His Church. If ever Grace Church is to be left to take a new start, now is the time, when everything is in fine condition, and all are in such harmony. And some day you and Miss Mary will come to Lynn. Ah! God bless all our dear people and keep them. I am convinced that this step is my duty, only it will be so hard to face all those dear people, who think I have done wrong in going. But I must preach the Gospel in other places also, for therefore am I sent. And I have not chosen the easiest field, for it were pleasanter to stay when all are saying such kind and undeserved words. I reach Lawrence Sept. 7th, Mrs. Amory on Sept. 13th. The 19th we go to California. The last two Sundays in October I shall preach in Lawrence, hold my closing service All Saints' Day, and begin in Lynn the first Sunday in November.

I am anxious our people shall understand my motives and reasons in leaving. So I am preparing a pastoral letter to be sent to them early next week.

To Mr. James Payne.

My dear Mr. Payne:—

I grieve to add any anxiety to you and my dear friends of Grace Church Parish, and to rob your long

days of any such pleasure as Mrs. Amory and I can bring. But I find it my duty to accept the call to S. Stephen's, Lynn, and to resign my charge of Grace Church Parish, committed to me by you and others more than seventeen years ago. But I have given Lawrence half my ministry, and feel impelled to work for Christ and His Church in another field. You have all trained me for work in big American cities. I have a lot of vitality and want to try my ministry in that big and vigorous city of Lynn. I am convinced the Church has a mission there, and I want to preach and work there. Grace Church knows now how to work, and has a well organized and harmonious body of workers. If ever a change is to come, now is the time; and I am sure you will find, even in your day, a change that may bring new life. But the pain to me and Mrs. Amory is severe and the sorrow great, in this change. You have all stood by us in our sorrows and blessings, and we love Grace Church, and honor Lawrence.

Aug. 28. . . . This day I wrote my letter of acceptance of St. Stephen's, Lynn, and of resignation of Grace Church, Lawrence. Most important decision of my professional life. Extraordinary change after 18 years of pastoral service in Lawrence winning love and devotion of the people. But I must preach in other places, try my ministry elsewhere, go into a stirring American city where conditions are hard and opportunities large. I have been impelled to do what is hardest. God keep and bless me. Realize in the mauvais quart d'heure what is involved. My people!

Sept. 1. . . . Gave myself to the new work that Christ may be in me and I in Him. Oh, help and lead me, oh God, and bless all I minister to.

Sept. 7. . . . The whole city, man, woman and child, some say, regret my going. Regrets and reproaches that I am going. Such tribute so undeserved and unexpected. The city as well as parish holds me by the feet.

To His Wife, Sept. 9.

Yesterday was a glorious day, as is also today, and God's inspiring power for a hard but sacred day. It was like attending my own funeral. I was greeted by the notice for a special meeting, on the church doors for next Friday "to take action on the resignation of the Rector." But the services were blessed and I got through well. The choir is singing too well. How can I get on without this, and our good hearted organist? Varney starts in well, and has planned all his music until Christmas. The reproachful, sad looks and welcomes are most trying and at every turn people ask, how can I leave? The whole city holds on to my feet. It is humbling indeed, for I have not done much but live my life here; but it is a blessed period in any man's life. I only hope when all is over there may be some good things to be said by the Master at my last Judgment. None but He knows how much the more there will be to pardon, but we love Him and glorify Him all the more for what He forgives. I am certainly needed in Lynn, if I can succeed in touching them all. But what loyalty and affection I am sacrificing here. As I talk with people my decision commends itself to their judgment,

but not to their affections. Some, however, think I have no right to leave the city or the church. But our conscience is in God's and not man's keeping.

Sept. 13. . . . It made me all seem strange and depressed. But clearly my large duty and missionary chance, and Christ is with me and this work left here.

Sept. 15. . . . Services sad, hard and blessed. Seems like my own funeral. Everyone sad and kind. . . . Seems impossible I am to break away and leave it for new work. But it is God's way and an Apostolic Ministry.

Sept. 17. . . . They think my leaving Lawrence is like Pres. McKinley's untimely death by assassination. I did not think it would move the city or cost so much, and I have done nothing but try so unsuccessfully according to my ideals to be a good minister, giving life and love to the parish and city.

The General Convention was held in San Francisco in the Autumn of this year and Amory went as a Deputy. He wrote about his trip enthusiastically.

"What a trip we shall have taken! Yesterday capped the climax with mighty Mt. Shasta in sight for about four hours, growing nearer until we came within six miles, and turning round its two sides, revolving about it on the winding track like a top! Words cannot express its grandeur 14,440 feet from the sea, with splendid rocks, and white snow. I don't believe any mountain is seen so perfectly by rail as this. This afternoon we saw what we came to see,

and what Brooks says every man should see before he dies—and I think so if he wants to measure this round world and look into the western old world's face,—*the Pacific Ocean.* We saw its wonders near the Golden Gate, with the bare colored hills or mountains rising sheer up like great cliffs. I went out with the Lawrences through this queer, motley San Francisco, a great, overgrown, coarse and gaudy New York, weedy and cheap, but strong and rich. Flowers everywhere—Fuchsias in big clumps, heliotropes like shrubs, geraniums like hedges, roses in full bloom, and jessamine and other new vines running about the houses. It is lovely, bright weather, with chilly, foggy changes in the afternoon.—

It is good fun, but we must be home October 22nd for our final wrench."

After his return from the Convention he remained in Lawrence only a few days. It was hard for him to stay at all.

Oct. 27. . . . Such a day: last Sunday in my beloved parish of a Ministry from the beginning Sept. 1880. How can I go! My life work seems here. And I love the people so. And they are so loyal and true. *All* the city. . . . What fruits of my Ministry. God keep them. . . . A hearty full congregation at evening service. One of those I love so much. Preached with a full heart. God keep me and send me forth to preach a work. What a crown to my Ministry all this. How little deserved! What a blessed Ministry!

In his sermon on that last day he said, "So beloved, as we meet occupied in the things of God and

consulting with each other regarding His Holy Church on this critical day in the life of our parish and ourselves, we need this reminder that we must not live by bread only, however necessary that may be, but by every word of God,—obedient to the word of God, striving to make form, ceremony and doctrine the open avenue of God's spirit into our spirit, endeavoring that each hour of prayer and worship should be a communion with our Heavenly Father, our companionship with the Master. We have walked together as pastor and people for many a year. God has made His word bread to our souls and has guided us into the ways of everlasting life. . . . Remember, I beseech you, what the Church stands for in our public national life. It is the Kingdom of God conquering and transforming the kingdoms of men, that all may live by the spirit, and serve God with a conscience, mind and heart. The missionary enthusiasm of the Church is its very life breath. Do not try to turn the stones of sectarian differences into bread but live on the word of God. For this Grace Church has always stood with the welfare and interests of the city as well as the parish as its concern. But we stand also for definite and strong worship and doctrine. This Church has always stood for liberty and not partisanship. All schools of thought and emotional methods of worship within range of the historic usages of our Church have been honored and welcomed here. For man lives by the word of God spoken to his own soul. . . . The Book of Common Prayer, the general welcome to all at the Lord's Table, to the free use of the same rites and ceremonies for every parishioner as a servant and child of God,

make the Church the genuine and safe democratic institution of modern days. . . . A change is coming in the use Christian people make of our churches. If sittings are rented or reserved, it is done more with a sense of hospitality towards all who will worship together in hearing the word of God. The time is coming when our churches shall be kept open as the House of Prayer for all people. This you will practice successfully. In your keeping is the future of this parish and its service for the fellowship of this heterogeneous city.—The parish of a manufacturing city where all sorts and conditions find a home has been our cherished ideal together. With no suspicion of cliques or divisions, all being of one heart and mind, seeking not his own but each other's good, you will obey ever the word of God that this may be the House of Prayer for all people, the centre of work for all needs. The poor you will welcome that you may aid them in their worthy poverty, into independence. The weak and erring you will seek out and bring in as souls for whom Christ died. The ignorant you will gather and instruct. The peculiar and odd people you will be patient with and guide, knowing the mercies and compassions of God our Saviour towards His erring, misguided and ignorant followers. But, beloved, ye are to be a holy people, standing as lights in the world in your several generations. There has been a dignity as of the order of God amongst those ranked in the fellowship of this parish, that has conferred an unspeakable blessing throughout all its history. Those who have heard the word of God and kept it, who have been nourished with the bread of life, have made the

name of this church synonymous with purity, honesty, reverence and dignity of life. Neither money, fashion nor social prominence has given rank, but character. . . . We meet today, beloved, at the Lord's Table to receive Him into our hearts as the word that preserves us in unbroken fellowship forever. Alone on the mount we see Him, now transfigured in the glory of his resurrection life, the everlasting word of God with peace, strength, counsel, pardon, comfort, ready for every need. Whether we go or stay He is ever with us, giving courage in duty, light in darkness, peace in conflict and labor. Keep closer to God. In His keeping rest calm and brave. But resist the temptation of letting any luxury of faith stand credit for energy of service and readiness of obedience. Here we consecrate ourselves to whatever duty he calls us. Yours is close at hand. Not one word, purpose or plan so carefully instituted here must be allowed by your faint heartedness or carelessness to drop. Maintain the standards of worship, ministry and work in this parish to which it has attained. . . . I go bound in the spirit to work still with you in a not far distant field with the confidence that we serve the same Master, are led by the same Heavenly Father and shall be ever kept by the same loving spirit, until we all meet at the white throne to give an account of the works done in the body."

CHAPTER XI.

His last service in Lawrence was on All Saints' Day. "It was rather heart-breaking work. But what a blessed privilege to be pained in such parting. Suppose they were glad! I, too, at the leaving!" This was Friday. The next day, All Souls' Day he began his Ministry in Lynn.

Nov. 3. "God bless me in this new work and second volume of my life." "The Christ is here. And I know friends were praying for us."

Leaving Lawrence was like cutting off his right hand, Amory once remarked; but he was not the kind of man to bear down under his pain. "I am in the right place and I know it," he told a friend.

The city of Lynn is another great manufacturing centre. Lawrence is a textile city; Lynn, a shoe city. The latter city, like the former, presented the kind of field that Amory preferred. It was crowded and busy; masculine, challenging and virile.

He began as he had begun twenty years ago: work was his delight. The new streets bewildered him; picking his way in and out of the strange city, going into strange houses seemed queer and curious. For so many years he had walked in one city, the city which had been his own, that it was no easy matter learning the details of an untried place. But he went at it vigorously, and it soon became plain to

him. "God bless and help and guide me. Oh, Master, make me Thy Ambassador," he prayed. One woman said, "I hope we shall like you." "You've got to," replied Amory. The record reads that they loved him. A new spirit was awakened at once in the parish. Fresh life began to appear. The Sunday School, the organizations, the city, felt it. A boy choir was revived. New guilds and clubs were added. The Rectory was beautified. As in Lawrence so in Lynn: Amory did not confine his labors to his parish. He gave himself to the city, also. Righteousness in every department of life was one of his watchwords. Whatever promoted enlightened government and wise charities interested him. He joined the Board of Associated Charities and the Civic League. "He promoted the formation of the Ministers' Union for the creation of a closer bond of brotherhood among the Clergy of the city, and for mutual helpfulness in their common work. He was the founder of the Whiting Club, the purpose of which is to promote an intelligent interest in the moral, educational and social problems of the day." He plunged freely and with apparently increased energy into this, his second work, as if to accomplish at once the work of twenty years. The response and enthusiasm of the people were remarkable. People began to come out to church. A new influence began to radiate from St. Stephen's as its pastor pursued his increasing round of calls and duties, the same influence which told with such striking force in Lawrence. He quickly gained the confidence of the people, because he did his duty honestly as a minister. Amongst his new friends he did not forget the old

ones. With his new and pressing activities he could not break his former ties. He was still the pastor of his first parish in a marked way.

To J. W. B.

December 27, 1901.

My dear John—

Thank you so much for your lovely calendar, and its sweet message of peace and sunshine. I shall keep it on my desk through this new year of strange experiences as a suggestion of peace from God, to those who try to do His will. Some time when I see you in my library, you must tell me where that lovely spot is, on earth or in some possible Paradise. I was sorry to lose your visit. It was good in you to come and most magnanimous. I am sure you will come again and cheer me in my new field. . . . Now, John, be as brave as I have been and know I have done right in coming to work in this American city. Then if you love me and honor my work in Lawrence, be loyal and helpful to my successor, and put your strength in Grace Church. I depend on your prayer and thought for self-sacrificing support of that noble parish and beautiful work. Be patient, sympathetic and steadfast in loyalty to me. Am I egotistical in asking this? It is because I love and honor you. I am glad you take my place in the Monday Night Club as the travelled member. Keep up my traditions.

Feb. 19, 1903.

My dear Moulton:—

I have wished many times that I could show my abiding affection for Grace Church Parish, Lawrence,

and my sympathy in the work, by giving something to reduce the debt still remaining on the Church Improvements. But I have not been able to do so. Yet now I am glad to find it possible to send you the enclosed cheque for one hundred dollars to be applied immediately to the reduction of the Church Debt, and to no other purpose.

"I am wearing on," he wrote, "and feel the rawness and strangeness of my work a little more than at first as the novelty wears off. Yet the work to be done here is a challenge of cheerful efficiency, for Lynn surely needs the Church if she will open her mind wide enough to let the Church in. Where the work is hard there we are needed."

"L—— is between Lynn and Dedham this rainy day. And I fear she may not get so much benefit as the crops. I *did* pray for rain publicly and I shall give thanks publicly. I think prayer is more than getting things. To me it is putting needs and thoughts in contact with the mind and will of God in frank and filial communion. And I don't see where the line can be drawn between things we pray for and things we don't pray for. In any case man's wants are put under God's will."

The character of Amory's ministry in Lynn was of a piece with that of his ministry in Lawrence. Perhaps in a measure it was marked by increased energy. He put into the work his twenty years experience. He saw that his parish could be brought to the front and he redoubled his activity and forced all his strength without reserve into what he was

doing. The result was phenomenal, but Amory ought not to have done it. Wonderful as his powers were, they could not endure the strain. Keen eyes could see that he was calling upon his body for more than it could give. He was cautioned. It was suggested to him that he go away for a year's rest. "No," he said, "it would kill me to stop this work." "I could not rest and see another work." It was told him that he could not live and do what he was doing. "Then I'll die with the armor on," he replied. "I will not be idle." And it was so: Amory died at his post. At the close of one winter day of great activity, he left the house of a sick man for his own home. He was a long distance from home, and there was a blinding snow storm. It occurred to him that he could cross Flax Pond on the ice and save many steps. They told him that the ice was strong. While crossing, the ice gave way and he fell into the water. There was no one to help and it was a struggle to keep from sinking till he could pull himself upon the firm ice. He stopped at a parishioner's house, changed his clothing and went home. After his supper he held service in the church. After the service he attended a meeting of one of the Guilds. He made light of the accident. But the people knew that his escape had been miraculous, and that he had been in the jaws of death. Great was their thanksgiving that he was spared to them. The Mothers,—a society which he had started,—brought him a purse of money as a memorial of thanksgiving to God. The beautiful Altar Cross was given as another token of gratitude.

He seems to have referred to his accident in a ser-

mon which he preached soon after, on The Greatness of God's Gentleness. "Sometimes wonderful surprises of God's goodness and gentleness humble us as we recall with shame our fear and doubt. A great deliverance from the very gate of death when the door into the other life swung on its hinges and we looked inside, makes us realize the swiftness and power of that gentle hand that leads down to the grave and up again."

The Rector resumed his work. Confirmation was approaching and the class was an unusual one. Easter was near, and he had asked for a big offering. There was much to be done. But his physical strength had received too severe a blow. The grippe seized him, and in some way or other an old wound had been opened in the upper right lung. He was forced to relinquish his work and place himself under the care of his physician. His parish granted him a nine months' leave of absence, but he was too ill to go away. He would stay at home, rest in his house, and manage the parish quietly, he said.

Last Letters to his Brother Harcourt.

Lynn, February, 1904.

I meant to have come for short time to Boston today. I shall not go until Tuesday. I have been struggling out of the physically depressing results of grippe all this last week, and am better, but not yet strong nor up to the mark, and am much disgusted at myself. I have taken life indolently, eating and sleeping, and keeping out as much as possible. I have been able to do all necessary church work, and yesterday preached twice, and conducted a Confirmation

Class also. I have no ache or pain, only some remains of the grippy cough, and am just waiting for a spark of Promethean fire to make me buoyant again. I gave up going to Groton last week, and to Fall River this week, my first breaks of engagements to preach since I have been in the Ministry.

LYNN, March 2nd, 1904.

Thank you for your good letters of caution. And a family council is worth a great deal. But it is strange that last night I slept sound, one of my best since I have been sick, and today my appetite has been the best yet, and my grippy cough has almost gone. This afternoon I thoroughly enjoyed a two hours walk in the sun and air. I fill in between meals with extras, and have not an ache or pain. I will consult the doctor if I don't mend rapidly. I do take naps in the day time, and am making my general pace slow. As for going away, if I follow this rest sensibly at home, it will do as well. And you must remember that I have Confirmation Sunday morning, March 20th, with an important class of about forty (there were fifty) candidates. I am sure if I use prudence and discretion, and cut off unnecessary duties, I shall come out right. And let the family know that unless there comes decided improvement, I will consult the doctor again. But I am doing what he told me when he last saw me. *P. S.* I don't like this, it is tough discipline for Lent.

LYNN, March 4, 1904.

I don't want R. to think me neglectful of my own best interests—I try to be as careful as I can—So this afternoon I went to see the doctor—He gave me a

thorough examination and found my breathing apparatus in perfect order. He said I was suffering from the consequences of the grippe—had still a little temperature, and high pulse.

But this enforced laziness and indolence is mighty hard just now. I am bound to be so prudent as to break it up soon. The doctor did not advise going away. He thought I should keep within reach of Dr. Payson Clark. I feel that my throat is better. I asked him if this was the result of my falling into the pond. He thought it might be partly responsible for it. This is my next bulletin. It is good to know you are all interested in my condition. I hope it will soon be more inspiringly interesting.

LYNN, March 6, 1904.

I have been having a most dull but profitable time, as I have done nothing but rest in the house. My temperature Saturday was 101, and my pulse high. The doctor said it was necessary for me to rest. I fortunately found a young graduate of the School, studying in Harvard for a Ph. D. to take the Services, and help out my Curate. So I came out well in this way. It is a most trying interruption. But the only thing is to get well now without dallying. My temperature today I have got down to 100. I am doing all that can be done. So I have nothing to complain about, and shall be better for the whole business. But it is of all times the hardest to have this condition come.

LYNN, March 13, 1904.

The doctors gave their reports just after you left. It is as I feared, a slight touch on the upper right

lung. This has developed in the last two or three days, as a result of the depressed condition caused by the grippe. While the acute condition lasts, I am to keep very quiet, eat all I can digest, sleep, get fresh air, and have a *nurse*. Then I suppose it means a long rest from work. You may imagine how I feel. I hoped this would not happen to me. But we have caught it at the beginning. All regard this trouble hopefully, and we will make the best of it. Come up again soon. Poor Harold is troubled at my having a nurse, it makes me seem to him so sick. I feel comfortably, and leave the future in God's hands.

HIS LAST LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

LYNN, March 20th, 1904.

"While William is preaching and confirming I am taking my outing (over two hours) lying all covered up warm, and every window open so that this fine March wind blows all over me. It is a delicious sick treatment. This is my best day, temp. 99, pulse lower. But I'm mighty thin being in bed so long, and rather weak, but with my senses, and a capital appetite. I know the doctor will prudently be very slow in letting me up. This is a mighty hard day to be in bed, but as I can do nothing else and am under the Master's orders, it is the best thing to do. Moulton, of Grace Church, Lawrence, relieved me greatly by offering to come to give last instructions to my Class of 57 (there were 50 from St. Stephen's, and 7 from St. John's, Saugus,) baptise 9 candidates, and present them today to the Bishop for Confirmation. That took a great weight off my mind. My Curate has returned. So all things work out. People

are most kind and solicitous in every way. My room is a greenhouse, with flowers, some even from Lawrence. So perhaps this will help our work. Will you subscribe for me for the London Spectator. My subscription ran out, and I forgot to renew it. Also can you tell Bartlett to send me last two volumes, just out, of American Revolution, by Trevelyan. G.'s lamp is fine.

He dictated the following letter to the members of his Confirmation Class:

My attack of the grippe interrupts, unfortunately, the last preparations of our class for confirmation. I regret this very much. But as it is unavoidable, and I must do all I can to get strong again fast, I must depend on you for continuing your own preparation for your confirmation. Remember it is your consecration to Christ for loyal and devoted service in His Church. It is to make yourself useful in the Church and the world for spreading the Kingdom of Christ. With these thoughts and resolutions, I know the day of your confirmation will be a glad and blessed day.

I shall not be able to meet the class Sunday afternoon, nor baptise those who are to be baptised on Sunday evening.

Under the circumstances, I think the only safe plan to make is to have the whole class meet me in the church Saturday afternoon, March 19, at 4 P. M. I will then give the last instructions about confirmation, tell about the service, give tickets for reserved seats to each candidate for the Sunday morning service, and baptise, with the class present, those candidates who

have not been baptised. I hope by that time to be well enough to meet you all.

Meantime, with deep regrets that anything concerning me should interrupt your preparation, I shall keep each one of you in my prayers, and beg you will be earnest and loyal in thus preparing yourself for this high and noble service of the Master in the Church of God. I shall hope to meet every member of the class Saturday, March 19, in the church at 4 P. M.

But he could not get well. The call to another work had come. On Easter day he lay upon his bed and heard the chimes peal out their triumphant song. The Wardens brought him the news of the greatest offering St. Stephen's had ever made. How deeply and strongly the people loved him he was assured by numberless tokens. But before the Easter Octave had sounded, he was in the presence of his Vision. He entered into Life on Saturday, April 9, 1904, in the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week.

On the morning of April 12th he was buried from his church. The service throughout was a shout of victory. The day began with dismal clouds and rain. But at the funeral hour the sun came out and the shadows fled away.

CHAPTER XII.

Greater than any words in this book was Augustine Heard Amory. "His memory is as music," and he was like his memory. When a man's life has been lived, and the sharpness of his passing is over, his fellows see in his absence with true view what sort of a man he was. Strong and hearty, deep and real, were the words men said of Amory. Thus they spoke:

"A thousand homes are sad today at this awful news that comes from Lynn and, among them, none can feel the loss more keenly than our little household that has had so many and frequent manifestations of the kind regard of your sainted dead!

To me, Mr. Amory was the *one ideal.* No word of mine or of any man can fitly eulogize him; for his whole life left nothing to be said.

How brief in years and how old in deeds. How absolutely adequate in every way. How rich the world was yesterday with him, and how bare and empty now, only those can feel who knew him well. Mother, my sister and I, send you our deepest sympathy in this hour of sorrow and pray the All-Wise may comfort you in your great distress."

"It is a blessing to have known one who could truly be called a saint, one who could not be even casually

met without leaving the thought that here was holiness. This was what everyone felt in the presence of Mr. Amory. With all his simplicity and merriment, and all unknown to himself, there was something shining forth from him which made all restlessness, all worldliness and unworthiness, shrink away before him. Oh, that we might have had him longer!"

"I loved him profoundly, and so did everybody who knew him. His was one of the finest, sweetest natures and full of a lofty spirituality."

"To me it is the loss of a personal friend of twenty-five years, whom it was always a delight to meet. An engaging manner, a sweetness of disposition, a warm heart and an interesting mind, these were qualities prominent in him and made all intercourse with him a joy. Such was he to all of us who have known him in the Club and in the relations of work and friendship."

"I know how well Mr. Amory did his great work in Lawrence, and how finely fitted he was for Christian service at Lynn or indeed anywhere. He was alike devoted in his study and in his parish life. His motives were broad and pure, and his heart drifted at once toward the cause of the sick and the troubled. What could God ask for in a minister which was not in him?"

"I was inexpressibly shocked at Gus' death. The years but made him dearer to me; and I shall sadly miss him, not only at the dinner-club where we

met regularly, but in my not infrequent thought of him in the future.

He had to me a certain distinction of individuality. Other men have high standards and live up to them, too; but these standards are largely ethical. His on the other hand was purely religious. In what he had to do with men he was always consciously or unconsciously a follower of Christ. That was his ideal and to that he held unswerving.

The heritage of such a life is of the first value to a community and not less because its far-reaching effects cannot be seen or exactly measured."

"How much emptier the world is, devoid of that fine, true, loyal spirit, the high example of all things Christian."

"He was so absolutely full of the spirit of his Master, so helpful and uplifting to all who were privileged to know him and so altogether lovely,—I say meeting with him is a precious memory."

"No one to whom I have ever spoken of him seemed able to say enough of his devotion to duty and his success."

"One day, when he was talking with me, as boys will do, of his hopes and plans for the future, he was then only fifteen or sixteen years old, he said, 'If I am able to be rector of some little country parish and to do some good to its people, I shall feel that I have been of some use in the world.'

Does it not seem that he cherished that ideal

throughout his life, and that he was helped to do all, and more than all, he hoped?

I wish I were able to be of some service to you; for in these days of self-seeking, the memory of such a life as Amory's cannot be too deeply impressed upon all of us."

"At college he was a good scholar and an agreeable companion. It was, in fact, a proof of the breadth of his sympathies, and his power of attracting men and holding their respect, that during his college course he happened to be thrown closely with men whose ideals of life were very different from his own, and yet they never ceased to desire his companionship, although he never lowered his own ideals one jot. During his course in college his health distinctly improved; and by the time he went into the ministry he was capable of doing,—and, as you know, did accomplish a man's full work."

"I think he was the one man among the clergy of whom I never heard any adverse criticism. Everything about him seemed to be in sympathy with the Church spirit. And there were no rough corners, as in most of us, sticking out at which men could point."

"There are always a few people whom we look back upon with peculiar love because they have been so kind to us. Mr. Amory was one such in my life. He looked out for me from the beginning and took an interest in me at the time when young men need it most."

"His religious nature developed early, and it was very real. Religion seemed natural to him. You knew that his heart was sound, his conscience clear, and his faith at once confident and humble. It seemed a matter of course that he should study for the ministry. You would have been surprised if he announced that he intended to do some other work in life.

He was really a hard worker, but one never heard about it from him. He did not talk about himself, and my impression is that he did not think about himself. He thought about God and his neighbor, and how he could best love and serve both. He was "a choice young man," in a higher sense than the word was used of Saul, and it was a privilege to know him and to enjoy his friendship."

His first Mission recalled his faithful ministry and the guidance of his wise and loving care under which their beautiful church was built and consecrated, his unusual devotion to the Master's service, his untiring efforts for the good of others.

His parish in Lawrence remembered him as their Pastor who was a true shepherd, strong in guidance, wise in counsel, tender in sympathy, sweet in consolation, loving in comfort.

His parish in Lynn told of the "inspiration to have seen his faithful and wonderful energy which had set in motion so many good works." ;—how "his thorough devotion drew everyone to him, and inspired absolute confidence in all that he said or did."

The Whiting Club, a club of his own foundation, wrote in part, "During the few years that he has

spent among us, he has awakened the same affection and esteem which his high character has always won for him. His personality carried with it such a wholesome atmosphere that men rose to their best in his presence. The ruling principle of his life seemed to be that all he possessed, of talent, of time and of money were his in trust, to be used in the service of his fellowmen."

The St. Stephen's Church Club wrote of "his innocency of life, his unselfishness, and his unwearied labors. He has been to us a new revelation of the beauty and power of Jesus Christ and has in his short ministry accomplished the work of many years."

The Clerical Association of Boston, comprising men who had for years been of his acquaintance, recorded their deep sense of loss. "From early youth his moral earnestness marked him as specially fitted for the sacred Ministry, and his completed record confirms our assurance that he was called for it of God. The beauty and disinterestedness of his spirit adorned his Christian profession and all who met him felt the charm of his courtesy, unselfishness and considerate regard for others. He was at the same time full of life and cheer, making himself felt as a personal force in all that he said, or did, and in every letter that he wrote."

AUGUSTINE H. AMORY.

Sweet as the sunrise on the silent hills,
Kissing the shadows into outlines fair,
His spirit dawned upon our earthly care.
Gentle as showers the April cloud distills,
Waking to music all the sleeping rills,
And clothing with fresh green the pastures bare,
So rained his happy influence everywhere,
Flushing with newborn hopes poor dying wills.
Some to themselves prove God by argument,
Others in nature find His living law,
But he in Christ the Heavenly Presence saw
And in His footsteps trod with glad content;
His whole life fashioning upon that plan,
God's humble, patient, kindly gentleman.

FREDERICK EDWARDS.

What a man he was! All these tributes are feeble. What men and women would say they cannot say, for Augustine Amory is written in their hearts. The memory of him as day after day he walked among his friends, working for them, praying for them, constant to his Vision and to them, is like an early summer day, indefinable by phrases but stimulating and ennobling. You were conscious "of being in the presence of one who was himself in the presence of God. The air of another world was about him, but he was full of humanity, of interest in common things, of enjoyment, of humor, of laughter; a sweet wholesome nature. You could not be with him without feeling your capacity somewhat enlarged for lov-

ing and serving men and for seeing God." As an old Irishman said, "There's never another priest like Amory." It is the feeling that something has gone out of life, the keenness of an irreparable loss. Yet, of course, it is not so, for so strong and vivid is the memory of him that he can never be far away.

"You ask for my memories of Augustine Amory" Mr. Barrett Wendell writes. "They are not vividly specific; but I have none more gentle, more tender, more reverend in the truest sense of the word.

It was at college that I knew him first. He was rather older than most of our class-mates, and by no means robust. His health, indeed, had prevented him from entering college at what would have been the regular age. The more conspicuous men in our class were rather reckless in life, not bad fellows at heart but by no means sedate in conduct or in expression. Wherefore, austere tempers were sometimes moved to wrath. What struck me in Amory was what I should now call his charity. There was never a character of a life more pure than his. Yet his purity was never of that inhuman kind which would keep itself apart. He saw what was good in those young scamps we played with. He was not blind to their faults; but he was cheerfully merciful. His temper, his attitude throughout, were those of one who is wise enough to feel how much good may be worked in this world by gently, unobtrusively ruling from them that, which in them, is not true.

He did not seem a man of exceptional intellectual power. Indeed, he never seemed so. At the same

time, he was given, in his own quiet way, to far more serious thinking than one might have suspected. The ordinary reading of Harvard men at that time, when they read at all, was of the lighter kind. Thackeray was the deepest literature which men who were thought literary were apt to delight in. So one of my few definite memories of Amory is of going to his room one day, and finding on the table two or three of the most solid English reviews. He was keeping the run of them as another man might of Punch; yet he never said anything about it.

During all his later life I saw him only at intervals, as a member of a little club, formed by college contemporaries, who dined together once a month. Most of us lived in Boston, and met often. Amory came, as often as he could, from Lawrence and from Lynn. The club, I fancy, meant more to him than to almost any of the rest of us; for it was his chief means of keeping still in touch with his old friends of college days, and perhaps with the somewhat wider world than his, in which they were beginning to have their parts. Perhaps the most distinct impression of his presence, which remains with us, is that of his eager, gentle interest in what the rest of us were doing, both in our professional lives and in our domestic. He talked very little of himself or of his work. You would hardly have realized that he was not an idler. But he always wanted to know what we were about and what had happened to us. He always eagerly delighted in any good fortune which had come to any of us, and in any success which any of us had achieved. He was always ready with a word of sympathy for any trouble, or misadventure. It would be

impossible to imagine a nature which seemed more instinctively, unthinkingly unselfish.

And that, I think, is all I have to tell you. It is merely the impression left by a friendship of nearly five and twenty years. Amory was a man wonderfully pure of heart, who did his duty without a word or a thought of reluctance or of consciousness that such a course was, in its own way, exceptionally noble. He had hardly a thought, either, of condemnation, if of reproof, for those who failed or erred. It was enough that he would feel how, in every human being, there is good which we may recognize and by recognizing strengthen. The more I think of him, the more beautiful the memory of him grows."

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